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APRIL, 1920

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The Relief Society Magazine

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HEAVENLY VOICES.

Helen Kimball Orgill.

There are little voices calling,
  Calling from the heavenly shore.
Though invisible their faces
  Yet they seem to be heartsore.

'Tis the voices of the spirits
  Who on earth have never been;
They are wafting us a message,
  Us who are so prone to sin.

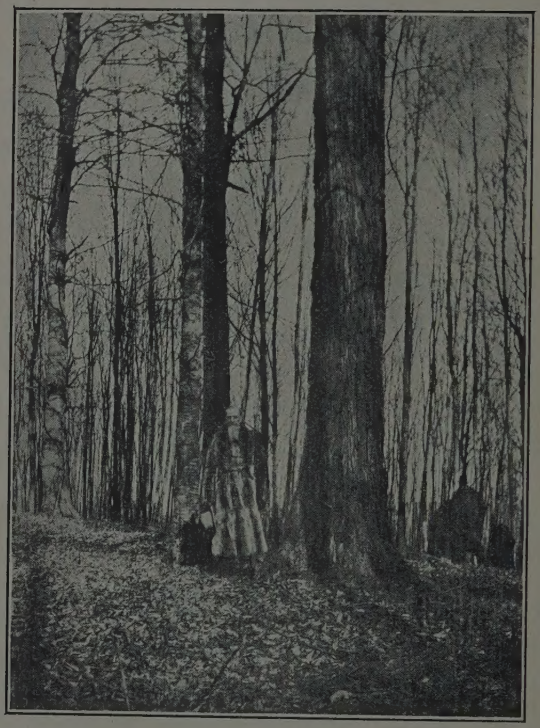
O fair womanhood of Zion,
  Do you heed the pleading sound?
Or, are you a one whose conscience
  Is eased with excuses found?

Ah, and think of that great future,
  When your sad hearts will be torn
Just by gazing at the darlings
  Who on earth you might have borne.

Are you looking forth to heaven
  As a place of joy complete?
Do you think that you will find it
  When the Lord of love you meet?

So then, listen to the pleading,
  Now, before it is too late;
That your glory may be perfect
  When you reach the heavenly gate.

Raymond, Canada.



THE SACRED GROVE.

Joseph Smith Farm, Palmyra, New York, showing President Joseph F. Smith standing near the Sacred Tree, said to be nearest the space where the Father and Son appeared to the boy Joseph.

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. VII APRIL, 1920 No. 4

Opening the Gate Beautiful to Women

When the Prophet Joseph Smith asked the Lord for wisdom on that early spring day, in 1820, the Gateway of Heaven was opened, and angels came through for the first time in centuries. That opened Gateway led into the higher courts of life's temple.

In the olden days, women were not permitted to go beyond the Gate Beautiful into the Court of Sacrifice, nor into the Higher Place. During the dark ages, after the light of revelation had been withdrawn from the earth, women felt keenly, but perhaps unconsciously, the heavy hand of superstition and oppression. Men, because of superior strength and leadership, could force their way through the clouds of darkness and superstition, but helpless women and little children were sufferers, as they always are when society is lighted only by the rays of cold reason, earthly ethics, and lustful desires. So that, when the Vision, given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, came through that Gateway, the women with their little children were among the most blessed recipients of the results of that Vision.

It is very probable that the Vision came to the prophet on the Paschal day of that year, although no date has been kept for us, but it was on the Paschal day when the Church was organized, when Elijah visited the prophet in the temple at Kirtland, and when, strange to say, the prophet organized the Relief Society. That day, the 17th of March, 1842, was the opening of the Paschal season for the year 1842. It was the day celebrated as the fast day of Queen Esther, by the Jews. What a wonderful Easter these events have brought to the earth. The women, because of the opening Vision, have been permitted to enter into the Court of Sacrifice now symbolized by the Sacrament which is given in this Church, not only to women but to the little children in our Sunday Schools. How symbolic this blessed privilege is to the liberty for women and children which followed that marvelous Vision!

Women have been given the right of franchise, first in

the Church itself. They have always voted on all matters of procedure, and on the support of all officers in the Church from the least to the greatest. The doctrine of common consent makes the woman an equal with man in all her religious activities. She is admitted not only into the courts of women, symbolically and equally in our own temples, but she is given a higher position in this sacred ordinance which she shares, side by side with her husband. Indeed, in the last or Holy of Holies, men must be accompanied by their wives when they secure their blessings.

Organizations have been formed in the Church for the public and semi-public exercises of every gift and grace of womankind, from the oldest women to the youngest girl child.

THE JOSEPH SMITH HOME, PALMYRA, N. Y.

There are avenues provided for the exercise of their talents and the development of their powers, according to age and fitness.

Women are no longer under the heel of superstition in the various walks of life. In art and music, in medicine and in law, women have today, because of the opening seals of that Vision, equal privileges, equal rights, with men. In education woman has also come into her own. In the year 1820, no woman could study higher mathematics or enter colleges or universities. Today, she may go where she

will and achieve what she is fitted for.

In 1820 women were goods and chattels in the eyes of the law, men owned their women and their children, as they did their cattle and their houses, and a woman could not make a will nor deed away her property. She could not use her own earnings without the consent of her husband, or her guardian, while he could seize her earnings or her property, do what he pleased with them, even to squandering them upon his mistress. He could whip her, if he did not injure her body, and could dispose of her as he saw fit. He could secure a divorce at any time, but she could not secure a divorce with any plea whatsoever. Today women and men at last stand equal before the law in this country and in many parts of Europe. How strange that this should be the opening year of civil equality of women with men in this land of Zion, the United States of America.

The Suffrage Jubilee celebration in Chicago also marks the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of civil equality to the women of this Church.

The Gate Beautiful opening into the higher courts of achievement and development for women will not close again, on this earth, nor in the endless ages of eternity. The sons of mothers and husbands of wives have suffered during the long, dark ages, because, when woman is oppressed and children are neglected, or given false standards or morals of life, men are debased and enslaved. With our faces to the rising sun, we offer our sacrifice of joy and thanksgiving at this Paschal season, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the Vision, in the Grove at Palmyra, to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

A SENTIMENT.

Julia P. M. Farnsworth

One hundred years ago, the world was on the threshold of a new era. This had been in course of preparation all through the ages. A government, inspired by God, had been established, which gave to men, political freedom, but there was still a feeling that "the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered." The wonderful Vision of the boy prophet, Joseph Smith, on that spring day in 1820, was the dawning of the Light which was to shed its rays over the whole earth and point the way to Eternal Truth, making clear the problem of existence, giving to life its real meaning and sublimity. It glorified motherhood, and gave to woman a place she had never known before in the sphere of education, ethics, and social democracy, making of patriotism a sacred duty. The establishment of the gospel in its fulness, in response

to the promise of that first Vision, instituted the most perfect educational system the world had ever known, and opened wide the door of opportunity to woman, calling her to be the co-worker with man in God's cause upon earth, enduring its trials but sharing its triumphs.

April, 1920.

THE RAYS OF SCIENCE IN THE HOME.

Amy Lyman Merrill, Superintendent Practice Home, Utah Agricultural College.

The glorious light that appeared on earth in 1820 shed its rays in all directions. The whole world has felt its sweet, comforting, and powerful influence. Science in its numerous aspects has been influenced profoundly. The hidden laws of nature have been discovered and all mankind has enjoyed the resulting benefits.

Woman's work and home problems have been illuminated by the rays of science the past hundred years just as truly as have man's work and problems. And that is proper, for God designed woman as the partner, not the servant, of man. Prior to the appearance of the redeeming light of the gospel women were considered to be on a plane inferior to that of man and were so treated. This condition still prevails most among the peoples of the world least affected by the gospel light.

Consider the results of the penetrating rays of science upon women and the home since that light appeared. The doors of colleges and universities have been opened to them; they have delved into the scientific problems of the home and have solved many of them; the proper training of their children has been carefully studied; the health of the family and the proper sanitation of the home have received attention; what to eat and how to prepare it are now known better than ever before; labor saving devices for the home have been invented in great numbers; home comforts and conveniences have battled with home drudgery and have won; and finally on every hand in the homes throughout the land are seen growing joys and greater appreciation of the dignity and importance of woman's work in the world.

Because of the great light that appeared a century ago intelligence now walks upright where ignorance crawled before. And the womanhood of the world is correspondingly blessed.

"Out of the darkness of the night,
The world rolled into light.
It is daybreak everywhere."

Treating the Rumor Germ

Mrs. Parley Nelson.

Dissension and discord made their appearance in the west side neighborhood, along with the Jorden family. Prior to their advent, if the children of the neighborhood, indulged in little differences or disputes, they were allowed to settle them in their own way, without interference from their elders, for the parents were aware that childish squabbles, if left alone, are soon forgotten.

The Jordens had two children—Ben, a headstrong, wilful lad of about fourteen; and Luella, a delicate, highstrung girl of eleven years. At the beck and call of these two youngsters their mother went, like the most abject slave of ancient times.

Each day began with a multitude of whining complaints. It was, "Mamma, where are my shoes?" "Mamma, find my stockings, "Mamma, what have you done with my hat?" or "Mamma, fix my hair."

When meal time arrived Mrs. Jorden was in a qaundary, to find something that would meet the approval of their Epicurian appetities. If she prepared muffins for breakfast, they demanded toast or hot cakes; if eggs were served, they unfailingly called for potatoes, or vice versa.

These trying habits, together with continual bickerings and disputes with each other, seemed enough to drive the most patient mother distracted. But not so with Mrs. Jorden. Like many another doting mother, her eyes were blind to the faults and imperfections of her children, and she seldom missed an opportunity to hold them up as patterns and examples for other children to follow.

Without meaning to do so, she cultivated the selfish and disagreeable side of their natures, so that they became a source of irritation and dissension wherever they chanced to go.

Ben took especial delight in teasing the little tots, snatching their playthings, hiding their hats, or otherwise disturbing their peace and pleasure, and no matter how interesting the game, or how riotous the fun, it invariably ended in a riot of disputes and disaster, soon after the Jorden children made their appearance on the scene.

Mrs. Jorden, just as invariably "took sides" with her own children, accusing and condemning their associates, inso-

much that peace and quietude departed from the neighborhood.

Another serious fault of Mrs. Jorden's was that of listening and giving credence to all the stories her children related concerning the daily happenings of the neighborhood. Not only did she give ear to these tales, but ofttimes she repeated them, and they were passed from lip to lip; like a ball of snow which is rolled about, they sometimes grew to enormous proportions and trifling little occurrences, seemed anything but trifling in their nature.

Mrs. Mason lived next door to the Jordens. She was a sensible little woman, who endeavored to teach her children to respect the rights of others and to wait on themselves and each other, whenever possible. She, too, made it a point to listen to the little confidences they brought to her, not for the purpose of repeating and elaborating on them, however, but she felt that it assisted her in knowing what her children were doing when they were beyond her watchcare, and also gave her opportunity to advise them as to their own behavior.

Mrs. Mason was greatly surprised, one evening, to hear her six-year-old lad, relating how Tommy Jones had been caught stealing eggs in the Jorden barn. "Are you sure you got that story exact, Johnny?" asked his mother severely. "Why, I don't believe Tom Jones would steal, and I want you to be careful how you repeat such things." "Well, he did it, just the same," declared Johnny stoutly; "Ben Jorden told me himself, and he says perhaps a big policeman will take Tommy Jones to jail."

Mrs. Mason warned her children not to repeat the story, telling them that she was sure it was a mistake, but the rumor grew and finally came to the ears of Tommy's mother.

Mrs. Jones had a private interview with her son, who admitted that he had been in the Jorden barn, on the previous morning.

"If that is the case, we will go over and talk to Mrs. Jorden about it," said Mrs. Jones, and to her surprise, Tommy made not the slightest objection. Arriving at the Jorden home, Mrs. Jones explained her errand.

"Oh, yes, indeed it's true, Mrs. Jones. My Bennie caught him right in the barn with the eggs in his hands. Didn't you Bennie?" she asked, turning to her son who was whittling chips over the kitchen floor.

"Sure," replied Ben, briefly, without raising his shifty eyes.

Mrs. Jones' face grew white as chalk. "What about it

Tommy Jones?" she demanded, "I want the whole truth about this affair."

Tommy's eyes blazed as he turned, with clinched hands toward his traducer. "It's a lie, Ben Jorden, and you know it! You know that Old Flopsy, my white rabbit, dug under our fence and got into your yard. You said I might come after her, and you helped me chase her. She ran into your barn and we both hunted for her there, but we didn't find her. You know I didn't touch any of your old eggs, and if you dare say I did, why I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, I guess you won't," admonished Ben's mother, "we have heard enough of your excuses." Then turning to Mrs. Jones, "I have never had occasion to doubt the word of my children," she said, "and I think we may as well end this painful interview."

Mrs. Jones went sadly home. Arriving there she questioned her boy until she was convinced in her own mind that he had told the truth, but to establish his innocence in the eyes of others, she realized would be a difficult matter.

The rumor continued to spread, and Tommy was taunted and shunned by many of his former associates, while his loved ones endured humiliation and grief.

Some days later the neighborhood was again astonished, this time by the report that seventeen-year-old Irene Murphy, had disappeared from home, and that when last seen, she was in an auto with a strange man. The sympathy, of Mrs. Jones was, at once, aroused and she took it upon herself to inform the Murphys.

Mrs. Murphy listened in surprise. "Why, Irene hasn't been away from home at all. How could they make such a senseless story out of nothing?"

Inquiry brought out the fact that Irene had accidentally met an out-of-town young man of her acquaintance, and had chatted with him for some time, after which he had taken her in his car, to the high school building. That was the whole foundation of the absurd story which was going the rounds, concerning the "wild escapade of a high school girl and a strange man."

And so it continued. The tongue of rumor seemed never to weary. One day it would be a shocking report of how Mrs. Mason's boys had killed Mrs. Caldwell's chickens, and thrown them in the well; next day the story would likely be of how the windows in the new church building had been deliberately broken by the children of Mrs. Naples.

A grain of truth, an unbridled imagination, and rumor did the rest. The mothers of the neighborhood, finally came

to realize the source of the trouble, and the spirit of revolution began to brew.

Mrs. Murphy, whose Irish temper was daily advancing toward the boiling point, invited a number of her neighbors in, one afternoon, to "take tea," as she said, but in reality for the purpose of holding an indignation meeting.

Over the teacups, Mrs. Murphy announced her plans, which were received with approval by some, while others shook their heads in doubt.

"Well, I for one, think it is about time for something to be done to call a halt on Old Madam Rumor and her forces, and I'm ready to do my part, whatever that may be, to help check the spirit of gossip and fault-finding which is eating its way into our homes," declared Mrs. Jones with vigor, thinking of the injustice that had been meted out to her own unoffending son.

"I agree absolutely with Mrs. Jones, in this regard," asserted Mrs. Caldwell. "In my opinion it is a clear case of 'rumorites,' in its most virulent form, superinduced by what we might call exaggerated ego; and the measures, however drastic, will be justified if they can effect a cure, or even give temporary relief."

"Thims my sentiments exactly," said Mrs. Murphy, and little Mrs. Naples arose and recited dramatically, "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie'em, to see their kids as ithers see 'em." The party broke up in the midst of laughter, intermingled with righteous determination.

The following morning Mr. Jorden had scarcely disappeared from sight, on his way to work, when his wife began to have callers.

Mrs. Jones was the first arrival. She begged to inform Mrs. Jorden that a rumor was current to the effect that Ben had been smoking cigarettes, and also using very bad language.

"I am sure that is a false report," replied Ben's mother, growing red with anger.

"Well, my Tommy, has seen him smoke more than once, and as for the bad language, I have heard that myself. And if you don't believe me, why just ask any of the other neighbors, and I'm sure they will tell you the same thing."

Mrs. Jones had scarcely hurried away, until Mrs. Murphy was ringing the Jorden bell.

"I am glad to find you at home," she began at once. "Do you know that your children have stripped our choicest tree of its apples. Ben climbed the tree and dropped the apples on your side of the fence and Luella gathered them up in her apron and hid them in your haystack. My Irene saw

them do it, and if you don't believe me, why just go and see for yourself."

"My children are not thieves, if you please," declared Mrs. Jorden, trembling with rage, and she invited Mrs. Murphy to leave her premises and never darken her door again.

In succession followed Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Naples, one to mention the fact that it was reported, Ben had been a member of the gang which had looted a box car recently.

Another told of having seen him throwing stones at passing automobiles, while the last visitor repeated the rumor that Luella had been cheating in school.

"Lies, nothing but lies, from beginning to end," stormed Mrs. Jorden. "This is the result of living in such a low-down neighborhood. My poor Bennie! My dear Luella! To be so wrongfully accused," and she fell into hysterical weeping, in which condition her husband found her when he returned to dinner.

She sobbed out the whole story of the neighbors' insults and abuse, and commenced a stinging tirade against them all. For the first time in their married life her husband silenced her and told her he was afraid she had received her just deserts.

"You have always been too eager to judge other people, and you are especially fond of seeing faults in other people's children, though our own are not one whit better than others. I have known for some time that Ben smokes, whenever opportunity affords; and I have also learned that he was mixed up in that box car affair, so it is highly probable that the other reports are true as well. I haven't a doubt, that the neighbors acted in self-defense, and I only hope you are wise enough to take the lesson to heart and profit by it.

"I have been mortified and ashamed many times to hear you judge and condemn on so little evidence. From now on. I am going to have something to say in regard to the discipline of my children, and if they deliberately do wrong, an effort will be made to set them right."

"Oh, indeed," began Mrs. Jorden angrily.

"Yes, indeed!" interrupted her husband with determination in his voice and eyes. "And I rely on you to help me in every way possible that our children may grow into useful, respected, citizens. Of what value is aught else in the world, if our children stray from the path of right," he finished gently.

In the days that followed, Mrs. Jorden wept and sulked by turns, but finally the good in her nature asserted itself. Her neglected conscience whispered that she had been in

the wrong, and for the sake of the children she resolved to try to overcome her faults.

She was too deeply humiliated ever to feel comfortable in the west side neighborhood again and Mr. Jorden finally yielded and moved to a different locality.

Time and subsequent events proved that she had profited by her lesson. Ben and Luella could never understand what had brought about the change in their mother, but they were happier for being obliged to perform certain daily duties, to look after their own property, and to wait on themselves. Their father forbade their whining complaints, and insisted that they treat other people with consideration. He made a pal and companion of Ben, and gradually won the boy from his bad habits. Instead of being a source of disturbance and distrust the Jorden family became respected and admired in the community in which they lived.

THE COLONIAL QUILT.

Grace Ingles Frost.

Naught but a square of patchwork is it, to the careless eye,
Made in an intricate pattern from days of an age gone by,
But each block with its tiny stitches, and its quaint applied design
Of pink and purple garlands, with daintily trailing vine,
Brings unto me the vision of a maid of guileless grace,
With the glory of southern roses tinging her young face.

I see, as her nimble fingers the needle deftly ply,
The hue on her round cheek deepen, a radiance light her eye,
And I seem to hear her singing as she matches piece and part,
The words of the old, old story that lives anew in her heart.
Naught but a square of patchwork is it, to the careless eye,
Yet, as I view it, I ponder and I can but wonder why
The tracing of perfect stitches, and weaving of design,
Do not reveal its secret to others, Love o'mine.

Regarding Salvation For the Dead

James W. Lesueur, President of Maricopa Stake.

The Latter-day Saints are making a sacrifice in gathering genealogy, building temples and doing a vicarious work in these holy temples, with the firm belief that some one in the other world is carrying the gospel message to relatives and friends who have died without a testimony or a knowledge of the truth. Many of these relatives and friends are accepting the message. In order that the work of the Saints in the temples shall be efficacious, the earthly ordinances such as baptism, confirmation, sealing, anointing, ordinations, marriages for eternity, and the sealing of children to their parents, are beneficial and effective, for those only who have accepted of the gospel, though they live in the spirit world. I have a firm testimony that this preaching of the gospel is being carried on by faithful missionaries, both men and women, who have been faithful upon the earth and qualified themselves to be ambassadors of salvation for those who have died without a knowledge of the truth. Let me give an experience of mine which has been a testimony to me.

In January, 1898, I left for a mission to Great Britain and, passing on through Provo, visited with my brother, Frank, who was attending the B. Y. U. When we parted we held each others' hands and pledged that we would do our part in furthering the Lord's work, and that I would gather genealogy on my mission, and that we would work together for the salvation of our dead relatives. I had been twenty-seven months in the missionary field, and had gathered thousands of the names of my dead kindred, when I receive a cablegram from the president of the mission which read, "Released. Outlaws killed Frank." For a short time this seemingly terrible blow nearly crushed me, and I asked the elders who were present to pray for me. Each addressed a short prayer to the Lord in my behalf, and then I prayed and told the Lord I did not know why he should take my brother, but if it was his will, not my will, be done, but the will of my Father in heaven. While praying, I heard a voice above say: "Your brother is called for a similar purpose as was President Woodruff's son." I remembered having read of President Woodruff losing a favorite son by drowning in Bear river, and asking the Lord why this son should be taken, and the angel of the Lord asked President Woodruff which of all his sons he would like to have in charge of missionary work among his relatives in the spirit

world, and President Woodruff answered, giving the name of this son who was drowned. So that it was made plain to me that my brother was called to take charge of missionary work among my relatives beyond the veil. He was also my choice. I know of no one who would be better fitted for this work. He had been called upon a mission, after having spent several years in the Brigham Young Academy, and a good deal of home study, preparing for a foreign mission. The exact date of leaving had not been assigned by the First Presidency. He was prepared also with a wonderful personality that drew around him many friends and was a general favorite in the community among all classes of people and would make a wonderful missionary.

I returned home from Europe to find my father and mother heart-broken, and I, too, was very lonely not to find my choicest companion there. My mother was visited by my brother one night when he told her that he had been called to fill a long-felt want. My father and I went into the mountains, where we had our sheep interests, and where my brother had been in charge at the time of his death. It was the first visit there, so shortly after my brother's death, and I felt that he was there. Before retiring, at night, I went out a short distance from the camp and knelt down under the pines and prayed to the Lord to let me see him, as I felt that he was near. I arose from prayer with a firm belief that I would see him, and returned to the camp and retired. Shortly after lying down, and while thinking of my brother, my spirit left my body and I saw my body and my father lying in the bed, and by my side a personage dressed in robes of white whom I understood to be my guardian angel. I went with him, traveling like lightning, a great distance, in a very few moments, and came into a great city which I understood to be a city containing those who had died without receiving the gospel. In the midst of this city stood a large building, plain but beautiful, covering an entire block several stories high. My guardian angel said to me, "We are going in here," and we entered a side door which had been opened by a young lady who gave a bow and smile of welcome. The thought came into my mind, who is this young lady? And my guardian angel said: "She is your relative who was killed while upon the earth, and she is now doing work with your relatives who have died without a knowledge of the gospel, and these people in this room are relatives of yours to whom the gospel is being preached." I looked around the large room and estimated that there were as many people in that room as could find room in the Salt Lake tabernacle. Presently, I heard someone speaking, and listened to a sermon on the first principles of the gos-

pel, and I thought how similar to sermons of the missionaries out in the fields, until he came to the treatment of the necessity of baptism. He then explained that inasmuch as they had died without the opportunity of baptism, that it was necessary that this ordinance should be performed by someone living upon the earth who would attend to it for them. He also explained that confirmation would follow in order to confer the Holy Ghost, which also would be done vicariously by a living proxy. When he had completed his sermon he turned and looked at me, and I beheld that it was my brother, Frank, who had been killed by outlaws. He had such a smile of happiness upon his face that the thought came to me, "Oh, if I can but live so that I can be worthy to do the work that my brother is doing, and have the joy in service such as he is having, I would be willing to make any sacrifice that I was called upon to make by the Lord."

Standing by his side was a young lady of medium height, rather round features, and large beautiful eyes, and as I thought, who is the young lady? my guardian angel said to me: "The young lady is to be his wife." We then passed into other rooms in this great building and I saw people in different stages of intelligence. I was informed by my guardian angel that I could go back to my body, and we made the return trip together. We came into the camp and I saw the great pines and the sheep, and my father's body and my own lying upon the bed, and my guardian angel smiled, and, in a moment, my spirit again entered my body and I sat up and awoke my father and told him of my experience. Five years prior to this the Patriarch John Smith laid his hands upon my head and gave me a blessing which, among other good things, contained these words: "At the touch of thy guardian angel, thy spirit vision shall be quickened, thou shalt look beyond this world into a world of spirits, and commune with thy dead for their redemption. This visit was a fulfilment to the promise of the patriarch. Since that time, I have had a desire to gather genealogy and in connection with relatives, particularly my Aunt Mary Ann Fackerel and Cousin Ella J. Ingles, have done work for thousands of my relatives. When the Arizona temple is built, and war clouds are all over, I desire to visit Europe again, where I can secure thousands of more names of relatives, and hope to do work for them.

The young lady who was standing at the entrance to welcome us was a person I had never met, nor had I heard that any of my female relatives had been killed. When I described her to my mother, she told me that she was one of my cousins by the name of Odekirk who had been thrown off a horse. Her foot had caught in the stirrup and she was dragged sev-

eral blocks, and when the horse was stopped she was dead. My mother said she was one of the best young ladies she ever knew, with a firm testimony of the gospel.

Now, regarding the young lady who was to be my brother's wife. That was another thing I could not understand, until two or three months after his death. A Mrs. Kemp, of Concho, Arizona, came and asked for the privilege of having her daughter, who had recently died, sealed to my brother, Frank. They had kept company at Provo, and it was her dying wish that she be sealed to Frank. And when I saw her picture, I recognized in her the young lady who was standing by my brother's side. All this evidence has given me to understand that it was a vision in reality, and a testimony to me that the work of salvation for the dead is being carried on, under the supervision of the Lord, by holy men and women who have lived upon the earth, and the work that we are doing in our holy temples is indeed the work of the Lord, to bring about their salvation. Those engaged in this splendid work are saviors on Mount Zion.

THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY.

Alice Merrill Horne.

Since the First Vision of the Prophet Joseph, America has given to the world its greatest artist in James McNeill Whistler. He created an art more subtle than that of any master of painting known to sacred or profane history. America has also produced a hundred celebrated artists, beginning with George Inness, Augustus St. Gaudens and Olin Warner. Utah herself has M. M. Young on the first line in art, among a few other great Americans. We are already hearing from a dozen devotees who are bringing fame to themselves and honor to our state.

If God spoke to Emma Smith concerning music and art, should not we, the recipients of benefits, from that "turning of the key" be glad to preach the Gospel of beauty? Eliza R. Snow heard the music and sang. She blessed me with a message of what I should do when I was but a little child. In the presence of Sisters Zina, Bathsheba, Rachel Grant, E. B. Wells, and a dozen others I could name, she blessed me to bring forward a work which no one else could do and which would bring great joy in its accomplishment. That call has never since ceased. It induced me to bring forward a law in the third State Legislature for the promotion of fine arts; and when asked (in the Relief Society Committee) to suggest a study for our year's work, I knew what it was to be. You all know the response. Every passing cloud, each hill-line, each patch of color, became charged

with a message of beauty to a great multitude of observing and loving women.

Let us take up again this study of art in our society with the hope that the Gospel of Beauty may dispel much of the ugliness which grips the race. Remembering always that it is our privilege to flood the world with the beautiful and good.

A DREAM.

By Lucy Wright Snow.

I dreamed I saw a road at the side of a mountain about twenty feet in width. It was not an earthly road but was white and padded, having the appearance of a sheet-covered, tufted mattress. Adjoining the road was a stream about the same width as the road, of the most wonderful water. It did not appear to be real water but looked more like a transparent liquid glass of such transcendent clearness as to thrill any one to look at it. I could not measure the length of the road because of its following the curve of the mountain.

Many women were working on this road, dressed in white and standing each in a little recess partly formed of a filmy gauze just enough to give her a little privacy from other workers. All were too busy to talk to one another except as they came on duty and went at regular intervals. At such times the greetings that were exchanged produced in each of us, for I was with them, an almost overpowering feeling of love and inspiration similar to that felt when listening to a sermon of one filled with the Holy Ghost. All were so happy in their work. The peace of that place which was felt and enjoyed by all present far surpassed the happiest moments of my life here. I do not know just the nature of the work the women were doing for I was new there, but at the far end of the side of the mountain I saw many, many books, which they told me were records, and that later, part of my work would be keeping those books.

Then I stood by the stream wondering why it looked so different to any water I had ever seen before, when a beautiful woman appeared, dipped her hands into it, and as she drew them out, the drops all chrystalized and ahered to her hands like diamonds with surpassing brilliance. I exclaimed, "No wonder people can't be baptized in that water, for it would chrystalize all over them, and it would be impossible for them to be buried in it."

Then I wakened, still feeling the sweetest, most profound peace that I have ever experienced, and the dream has always been a comfort and joy to me, and is as vivid today in my mind as it was about two years ago when I dreamed it—1918.

Beyond Arsareth

Nephi Anderson.

(Continued.)

VI.

Daylight and summer, which, of course, are synonymous in this land, were fast drawing to a close, and I was kept exceedingly busy while they lasted. In a few days the whole town knew of my presence. Then the tidings were carried to other towns and cities, until the startling news that a man had come from the great world outside the ice-barrier, was known to the whole land.

First a sort of reception was given me at the house of my friends with whom I first lodged. They, it seemed, claimed the honor of introducing me to their countrymen and I was willing they should, as they treated me very kindly. I fear my wardrobe in those first days was not very presentable, yet I made out by a little sponging and the addition of some native clothing.

My friends' large room was filled with men and women. There were no great differences in their manner of dress from what is usual in European lands, although the cloak and robe were more extensively used, giving them somewhat an oriental appearance. The men were well formed. They wore their hair trimmed and all the older men had beards. The women were beautiful. Their dress hung in graceful folds. Grace also was in their carriage, and nothing more could be desired in the matter of form and complexion.

I, of course, was an object of great curiosity; yet, so perfect was their treatment of me that I did not feel in the least annoyed or uneasy. We tried to talk to each other. They smiled good naturedly at me, and I at them. I showed them my watch and tried to explain its use. Then I brought out my precious Bible and they handed it around, turning its leaves and trying to decipher some of the characters.

The first few days I learned some names, and herein was my first surprise. Most of the names are undoubtedly, Bibical. The young man whom I had rescued was named David. His father was Joseph, and the twelve year old sister was Rachel. These names greatly puzzled me at first, but it became perfectly plain when I learned the history of this people.

I had been fortunate in my bone-setting operation, and

because of it, David was getting along nicely. I spent much of my time with him as he was pleased with my company. But in a few days I was urged to visit some of the other cities in the land. In fact, the great men and the learned men were asking for me and I had to go. Their lighter vehicles were quite comfortable and their horses took us along roads at a good speed. I found that I was in a land of farms and small cities. All were built on the same plan. I saw no traces of fortresses or buildings erected for defensive purposes. Nearly all the buildings were of stone, some hewn into blocks, and others covered with a plaster or cement.

There was a sameness in the architecture of the dwelling houses, but in others that I took to be public buildings, there was a pleasing variety.

The fields had all been harvested, and the gardens were quite bare; yet I could see that the land was very closely cultivated. All the barley grains were raised, besides an abundance of hay to provide for the winter. There are also grown a variety of vegetables and berries.

As the darkness settled deeper and deeper over the land, the people became more quiet, and there was less hurry and traveling about. Preparations had about been completed for the winter. There were storehouses of wool and flax to be converted into clothing; there were feathers and down from the immense flocks of birds which lived near the ice-sheet. There were also granaries filled with grain to be made into meal and flour; in fact, there was all manner of raw material to be converted into finished articles. The whole summer season is occupied in gathering this material and the time for manufacturing is the period of cold and darkness.

The land is well provided with coal. This is a wise provision of nature to be sure, as wood is not plentiful. A mineral oil is also obtained from the earth, but owing to imperfect refining it is quite crude. However, it is a great blessing during the long period of darkness, as it is burned in lamps, both in the houses and in the streets of the towns.

The long, dark night is no doubt the reason why the people live in closely built towns and cities. Heat, light and sociability is what they need during this period of the year, and these needs are met remarkably well. Sometimes a whole town block is one continuous house built around its town streets, with an open court in the center. A system of heating by stoves and pipes gives comfort to these houses. Large halls warmed and lighted, connect living rooms, school rooms, work shops, and meeting halls, all of which may be located in the one enclosed group. Thus a thousand people

may live in a community, each family separate from the other, yet the whole as one great patriarchal society.

In the summer, everybody lives out in the open, warm sunlight, but in the winter the children go to school and the workers repair to the numerous work shops and factories.

When darkness had come for certain that first winter I enjoyed myself at the home of Joseph and his wife Bethrah. They were very kind to me, treating me more like a son than like the stranger that I was. David, also, took a great liking to me, and even Rachel's fears were subdued and she would soon permit me to stroke her sunny hair and look into her blue eyes. Sometimes I would sing to her some simple ditties of my far-away home and then she would listen with wonder in her eyes at the strange words and tender melody.

Father Joseph, as I have learned to call him, is a foreman in one of the mental work shops—that is, in the winter. Nearly everyone has two occupations, one in the summer, out of doors, the other, in the winter, within the protection of buildings. Father Joseph is also quite an important man in religious affairs, as he takes charge of the meetings every week in the room devoted to worship. He is a venerable looking man with such a placid expression on his face, that one cannot help liking him.

I was given a room, which they made me to understand, was to be mine wherein I was to be at home. I appreciated this very much, because ofttimes I became tired of the strangeness around me, which, before I learned to understand the language, was a continuous strain on me.

Then I became ill. I don't know what caused it, whether it was the continuous darkness, or whether it was a reaction of exposure in the ice. I did not know the nature of my illness either, but I had a high fever and became very weak. I was given the tenderest of care, and what I supposed were learned doctors came to me and prescribed for my illness. I have since learned what a stir the news of my illness made in the land. They could not afford to lose me before I had learned to impart to them my knowledge of the great unknown world—and so all that their skill and care could do was directed to me.

However, I did not remain sick long, though for a time I was weak. And now how to spend the long weary hours of my enforced inactivity was a problem. I turned to my friendly grip, and there was my Bible. I seized it eagerly. Here, then was something—here were a multitude of people that would communicate with me in a language that I could understand. Blessed Book! I opened it and read. The

words had the home-appearance to me—I read aloud and the sound was pleasant to my ears.

But most wonderful of all, I found, that the Book was a very interesting one. I had had the notion, so common to young people where I had lived, that any religious or sacred literature must be dry and exceeding prosy; but here I found wonderful events; fascinating stories, and truths most beautiful. I read continually. The family became somewhat solicitious, and wondered at the book which had such interest for me. David spent part of his time at school and part in the work shop where his father was foreman, but he found time to visit with me, also, and I sometimes read aloud to him, much to his amusement. I read much in the Old Testament, the vrst book being the most interesting. It read like the psalms, though why it might be hard to say; but the story of Christ was the most wonderful and interesting of all.

As soon as I was strong enough, I went out—but that expression is hardly right because I did not go out into the open air for sometime. As I before noted, one can go through the long sheltered halls to any part of the community's gathering places, and so I could safely visit the many interesting scenes. Sometimes I went with Joseph to the work shop and at other times I visited the school where Rachel went. I was always treated with great respect, and was only sorry when I saw the eager faces of the children that I could not tell them of the world which lay outside of their limited country, on the other side of the great white barrier.

Midwinter came, and then there was a great festival. The sun had turned now and was slowly coming back to us. All we needed was patience to do our present duty. Mine was simply to read my Bible, and learn the language of my new world, and I did my best at both.

Placed as I was, I could not help making progress in the language, and so towards the close of the dark season, I could understand nearly all that was said in common conversation. My progress in speaking was slower, yet I could now make myself understood on many subjects.

I usually went to religious worship along with Joseph. Every seventh day was a Sabbath, when every one rested and attended meetings.

The services were very simple. There was singing and prayer, and then Father Joseph usually called on some person from the congregation to speak. Sometime there were visitors from other communities who did the preaching. At first I wondered what they were talking about—what kind of religion they had, and what they believed in. All religion

that I had ever known anything about was based on the Bible—but these people surely had no Bible—surely they had never even heard of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, about whom I had been reading—and then a thought came to me which thrilled my whole being—I had a Bible. I could teach these people the true religion and make them all Christians!

I had imagined that the winter would be extremely cold; but in this I was mistaken. The snow did not fall very deep, and never was it too cold for well-clad people to be out The people were not greatly given to pleasure, but at times parties of young people would travel between towns in sleighs drawn by their sturdy ponies. Sometimes the sky was a beautiful sight, lighted by the gorgeous aurora, or northern light.

This display is a wonder to me, as it is to all I know. Silently, great bands of many-colored lights come into the sky, until the whole upper dome is covered with strange figures, and great ribbons of light which wave to and fro as if they were shaken by a mighty, unseen hand. Silently they come, and as silently go—melting away into the depths of the sky. Many a time have I sat by the open window and seen such sights, and a number of times have I seen them in the fulness of their glory when I have joined a company of people in their excursions over the snow to their neighboring town. The laughter of the girls and the sweet beauty of their faces could not altogether draw my attention from the splendid panorama above me. At every new display I gazed aloft, and they laughed at me as much as they dared—the sight was common enough to them.

(To be continued.)

Paradise of Childhood

Ida Smoot Dusenberry.

It was nearing midnight, the stillness, the anxious watching of a heart-broken, weary, worn mother, the hopeful calmness of a father endeavoring to breath faith into many anxious hearts which were surrounding the sick bed of a child, just four, was a scene recently revealed to me. I responded to the call, "Come quickly, for J——— is dying." I knew from the worn little face that she was soon to go and as we listened to the last convulsive sigh I felt that part of my soul was passing away with hers, for her rythm, her music, her laughter, her sunshine had become a daily anticipation to me. She had grown into my heart for she had become a revelation of all the happiness and wonder of maturing childhood. But all to quickly we realized she was gone. The little figure, so white and still, was a picture of loveliness as she was lying there clasping in her arms the thing of earth she loved the best, a beautiful doll.

As I lifted it and looked into its face many memories passed through my mind. All the wonderful emotions of real motherhood had become a part of her life and understanding, through the love of that doll. She had washed it, she had dressed and undressed it, she had sewed for it, she had punishe it, she had nursed it while sick, she had loved it back to health. It was the last thing she aske for, the last thing she recognized and the last thing she loved.

This incident so impressive, so lasting, is the incentive for taking you with me in memory on a journey backward to our days of dolldom.

There is nothing so conducive to good control and educational advancement as an occasional hour spent in the land of memory, where we can lay bare and fully analyze our feelings at different stages of life, the things then that caused anxious days and nights, burning indignation, lonely fears, outraged sense of justice, shame, freedom, tenderness and love. More frequently analysis of this nature would bring numerous hours of happiness, which are at present erased from the lives of suffering children.

During the instinctive, emotional years of fancy, there are many days of childhood passed wholly in impersonating some person or thing. At the present time I have a little girl in the Kindergarten who daily whispers what she would like me to call her. Recently she was Mrs. R———, a neighbor, and refused to respond by word or look unless she

was so addressed. Mrs. R——— had three children, and the three Kindergarten dolls were subjected to Mrs. R———'s daily discipline.

Such play, like transmutation of the self, is sometimes carried over long periods.

In a great deal of this play-action there is scarcely any adjustment of scene, the child with his vigorous fancy plays out his part with imaginary surroundings. A chair or the arm of a couch makes a prancing, kicking steed, he kicks it, he whips it, he talks to it, and in his imaginative play finally arrives at his destination weary from the struggle with the fractious animal.

It is this same breathing of life into playthings that is seen in all its magic force in the play with dolls. The child dreams its doll into a living child. When it is ill her solicitous anxiety prompts the most tender care and sympathy. Unobserved, I have watched the most realistic sick-bed scenes. In a darkened room with a bandaged head, the doll lies, forced to submit to castor oil (water), and pills (rice), and after the struggle comes restless exhaustive sleep, encouraged by hushed voices and tip-toe steps. The unstable diagnosis of the attending physician makes very aggravating cases of measles, whooping-cough, small-pox, all within fifteen minutes. With all the dignity and solemnity of a grave occasion, the family are warned of the impending danger.

This is only typical of but one phase of child life. Do we realize its significance? Have we thought just what it means in the great scheme of a developing and growing soul? Are we making the most of this wonder period of infancy, when sympathies are keen and love is tender? Do we encourage the parental nature just in its tenderest age of building? Or in our brusque and realistic hurry scoff it into scorn.

Nothing so fully opens up the juvenile soul to students of childhood as closely observed doll play. Severe punishment is often inflicted for a dirty face, a torn dress, etc., which marks the rise of the child's consciousness of order and cleanliness.

Whispered confidences to the doll often reveal the longings of a child's heart. In punishments and rewards the baby mother's ideas of morality are best seen and known. She feeds the doll with what she likes best, she depicts her own moods in the treatment of her doll, her aesthetic taste is revealed in dress, hats, wraps, etc. She teaches it the culture that she has acquired, and we find it unhesitatingly removed from the dinner table when it becomes "sassy" or rude.

Children learn to wash, iron, sew, knit, do millinery work, design dresses, acquire color combinations, and prepare

food for the doll. Singing with expression is acquired so well in no other way, and stories original and rehearsed, find a harvest in doll play.

I make no plea for finished, elaborately dressed dolls. I have seen the stove poker wrapped in a tea towel, receive the most sincere and tender affection. This is no lack of aesthetic culture, but only enjoyment in an object offering possibilities for the play of imagination. A middle sized, ordinary doll which lends itself to all kinds of manipulation is the preferable doll to buy. In my own childhood I had a beautiful doll with clothes securely sewed on, which sat in the buggy to be admired and choicely shown to friends, but the thing I loved was a little brown shawl tied around the center with a big red bow, with fringe for hair, painted, white-cloth face and snug little bonnet.

Just why boys are never encouraged to play with dolls seems strange to me. Perhaps by nature they are not quite so tender, and perhaps they have tastes somewhat wider and more varied, but the parental, imaginative instinct is there and should receive the same amount of encouragement.

The child must live in play, the thing he is endeavoring to learn and comprehend, for this reason it ceaselessly continues, and at the end of each day exhaustion carries the tired little soul into dreamland.

"Watch as your baby grows, and you will see
That his whole life, wherever he may be,
Is a perpetual mimicry.

"An engine now, he puffs with all his might,
Anon with brow perplexed he feigns to write,
Or strides his chair a mounted knight.

"Brimming with life, but knowing not as yet
Even the letters of his alphabet,
He imitates each pattern set.

"And, watching him, perchance you question why
Each new activity that meets his eye
Excites him his own skill to try.

"His is an instinct ignorantly wise,
Only in doing can he realize
The thing that's done beneath his eyes.

"A stranger, midst the surging life of men,
He to his own life's stature must attain
By taking to give back again."

Blue Peaks of the Soul

Ruth Moench Bell.

"We'll have to get another car, Dudley." Mrs. Hunter spoke with a languid drawl, her latest imitation for her wealthy neighbor.

"You want to travel about in a glass cage, eh, like the Brantleys?" Dudley Hunter spoke wearily and with some bitterness.

"Well, I do get tired of always playing second fiddle to Sara Brantley."

"How about being first violin in an orchestra of your own," her husband suggested, as he drooped out of the house.

His wife's voice, charged with sarcasm, overtook him: "Well, anyway, I don't see why you can't make loads of money like Brantley does. I could be first violin then."

Mrs. Hunter settled back in her new lounging chair and selecting a chocolate from a box, in an arm of the chair, and a magazine from the other arm, prepared to rest.

"I know I shouldn't eat so many sweets," she deplored to herself, "and I ought to walk instead of resting so much, as the doctor suggested. Miriam complains all the time about my getting so fat and losing my style. But it is so comfortable to rest. Walking is such an exertion."

Mrs. Hunter pressed an electric button, also concealed in the arm of the chair, and an over-worked maid appeared.

"Mary, the Relief Society teachers are coming. I just saw them stop next door. Just say that I am not at home. I really do need a nap so I can go with Miriam to the hop tonight."

The maid dismissed, Mrs. Hunter sat drowsily for a few minutes. She looked up presently, annoyed and somewhat startled. Somebody had entered the room. She had expressly told Mary to admit no one.

"Oh, it's you, Dudley," she snapped as she caught sight of the intruder. He did not answer. She glanced at his face, and her heart stood still!

"Why, whatever is the matter, Dudley?" she cried.

Again he made no answer, but gazed at her steadily. Suddenly the voice of a crier down the street penetrated her ears.

"Come out from her! Oh, my people! Lest ye partake of her ways!" Again Mrs. Hunter sought her husband's

face. It was pale and no longer troubled but purposeful, spiritual.

People did not cry such things on the streets in these modern days. What did it mean?

"It means just this," her husband spoke as if she had asked him, "We must come out from Babylon, for we are partaking of her ways."

"But where shall we go?" she asked as in a dream.

"To a place the Lord has provided," he answered with conviction.

"Where?"

"We do not know. Into the wilderness, as the pioneers went of old."

"But why?"

"To worship God!"

"Can't we worship him here?" Mrs. Hunter spoke with some of her former impatience. She was beginning to feel herself caught in a net.

"For where your treasure is——"

"But we haven't any treasures," some bitterness crept into her tones, even on the way to those "blue peaks of the soul" toward which she had not lifted her eyes for so long.

"True, as soon as we have possessed them, they no longer seem treasures," her husband answered.

"I wonder if we will be able to sell to advantage," Mrs. Hunter reflected. "Are others going, too?"

"It is a call of the soul that many have answered and many refused. We cannot wait to sell. We must go today."

"Today? Dudley, you are mad?——" she started to say but something in his exalted mood restrained her. She had been aware of the same exaltation of purpose when her boy, her only boy, had proclaimed his intention of going to war. The same mysterious something that stayed her then, kept her now from pronouncing it foolish and silly.

"We are just to make a roll of bedding and take our camping outfit as we did when we went through the park?" she asked with misgivings.

"A hand-cart will hold even less."

"A hand-cart! Dudley!"

"There are no automobile trails into this far country!"

"We must pull a cart?"

"As our fathers and mothers did!"

"And the children, Miriam and Ted?"

"They must choose for themselves. I am going to tell Ted now. I will leave Miriam to you."

"If they choose not to go we must leave them behind?"

"We? I, alone, if need be!" He looked at her yearningly but with resignation.

"No, Dudley, no!" And she flung her arms about his neck. "My place is by your side. I cannot leave you." She clung to him tenderly while the old love grown suddenly a thousand times dearer, leaped into life.

"Thank God!" he breathed as he pressed her to him. "Tell Miriam." And he was gone.

Tell Miriam! But Miriam was not at home. She was shopping, trying to buy a wonderful new gown that would re-win for her the love of her sweetheart, who had lost interest in her since his return from war. It was a critical time for Miriam, and yet she must ask her to leave her lover and go with them.

Mrs. Hunter went about the house first to select treasures to take. Then, as she remembered the size of the hand-cart, looking at the treasures she must leave.

But were they treasures, these possessions that had cost so dearly. She lingered before the piano. She had sulked for days because the Brantleys had a concert brand piano. Then came the strain of paying even for this smaller piano. How hard it had been to save out the money for payments! It was then that the resentment began to grow in her heart against her husband because he could not make money as fast as Brantley did. And now they must leave it behind! Not a cent of all the money that had gone into it would they recover!

Money! Dudley had said that they were going to a country where money would avail them nothing. They must wrest their living from the elements as the pioneers had done.

She stood before the electric washer. That, too, had cost, and cost dearly. It had been necessary for the maid. How could she, the mistress, do without it? Why, I can't even take a wash-board," she gasped. "I must scrub the clothes clean with a scrubbing brush. Surely there willl be room for a scrubbing brush."

Carpets, those luxurious rugs she had been unable to do without, she knew must be left. Not even a yard of linoleum could be taken. The electric stove would be of no use. They would have to cook over a camp fire.

She passed on to her bed-room. A dainty crepe de chene negligee lay carelessly over a chair. Negligee! Little time she would have to lounge about after her bath. Gracious, what would they have to bathe in!

She looked through her expensive wardrobe. What had she that would be suitable to take with her? A black cotton

voile looked hopeful. She had no house dresses. It had been years since she had done any work.

Mrs. Hunter passed on to her dining-room. Fine china, silver, cut glass could not be taken. Porcelain or tin dishes would be necessary. The load would be heavy enough even then.

She sat down to think. Was it really necessary to leave all this clutter just to worship God? It was characteristic of her new attitude toward material things that she classified "all this" as clutter. Her expression, "just to worship God," also showed how far she had strayed from spiritual things.

Down on her knees she sank for guidance.

There was a light step in the hall. The sound of a car stopping! The front door opened! Miriam seized a package from the delivery man and bore down on her mother.

"See mother, see," she exclaimed, "isn't it exquisite?"

A shimmering evening gown fluttered from Miriam's fingers, and her eyes danced in forced delight above it.

A pang shot through the mother. She well knew Miriam's pathetic eagerness over the new party gown. But would it help to win back the affections of Ralph Brantley? And why was he disappointed in Mariam since his return from war?

And now—this departure. Would Miriam choose to accompany them, her heart yearning for Ralph or would she stay behind and leave them lonely forever? And how lonely they would be without her youthful, graceful presence! And her soul! For years nothing had been said in that household about God or religion. Sunday school was a chance to display new clothes or be with the crowd. Mutual was the same.

Family prayers, tithing, Bible readings, had all been lost sight of in the rush and hurry and scramble for things to leave behind. Truly it was needful that they go, if eternity was to be aught to them but a hollow word.

"Help us, Father," she sobbed aloud, "help us to come back to thy presence!"

"Ida! Ida!" A voice interrupted her. She glanced up. She was in her lounging chair, and her husband was standing white and stricken before her.

"Dudley," she cried, "I promised to go with you. What is the matter; has Ted refused?"

"Ted and Miriam are both going with us to help us to begin again. But you—who told you, Ida?"

"Why, Dudley, you told me yourself not over an hour

ago. But where is the joy you felt then, the spiritual glow? We were going for our religion to worship God. And now you seem afraid."

Her husband sank down on the seat beside her.

"I don't know what you mean, Ida. Religion and God seem like words from a foreign language. But by some mysterious power you have dreamed a strange dream that may help you to bear what I have to tell. We have failed financially. Our home and business, all that we have, are gone. We have nothing left but the little two-roomed house outside of town where we began our married life, and the few acres that surround it. Your personal effects might bring enough to build an extra room for Miriam. Ted and I can sleep in a tent till we can make the land earn enough for a room for him."

Before Mrs. Hunter could reply, there was an impetuous ringing of the door bell, and Ralph Brantley was ushered in. He had brought Miriam with him. And the expression on their faces left no doubt of their purpose.

Ralph came straight to the point. "I want to ask you both for Miriam," he said, "if you think you can spare her. I don't know whether you can forgive my misunderstanding of you all since I got back. But home and everybody have been such a disappointment. I was getting so I was losing faith in women. Father is supposed to be an inexhaustible reservoir of cash for mother and the girls. That's all he amounts to in our home."

Ralph looked at Miriam, and there was no doubt of his regard as he continued: "I felt I couldn't be just that for Miriam. I loved her too much. And it seemed as if she was headed the same way as mother and the girls."

"Over there in France I became a casual, and got forgotten for a while, except by some hospitable French families who invited me in for some real home evenings, music, some trifle to eat, cozy chats by the fireplace, with the whole family about. It was real home, even if the income was slight. The father was given a hearty welcome. Dad's welcome is just a demand for a check. It was all so homey and quiet there. No one in a hurry fussing around to get of somewhere for a good time! The good time was right there. And when I met Miriam and she said goodbye, because you were all going into the back woods to get a fresh start, felt as if I couldn't be left out of it, so I'm going along i you don't mind."

Mind! The mother looked at her daughter's happy face At her son's, grown suddenly manly and resolute! At her

husband's, quiet and relieved, now that the strain was over. She closed her eyes in gratitude while a vision arose before her, a vision of two dear little rooms and the river rolling by to remind them of the ceaseless flow of eternity! And the mountains, those "blue peaks of the soul" to point their way upward.

"We shall all be so happy there," she murmured. "It will be so easy to leave all this that has been so costly and yet not precious! All this that has not even left us tender memories!"

GLIMPSES FROM LIFE'S MOVIES.

Morag

(1) The Blessing.

Tall, white hollyhocks bordered the path leading to a tiny vine-clad cottage in far away England. The windows were ablaze with scarlet and crimson of geranium, fuschia and begonia. The interior revealed a spotless living room with tiled floor, home-made rugs, old mahogany furniture, sparkling glass and pewter ware, with a grandfather clock ticking merrily in its corner. On the table, which was spread with a linen cloth, stood a plate of bread, two crystal clear goblets of water, and some books. A small girl on her way home from school running in to see her grandma, found her kneeling in prayer with two black-coated strangers, who seemed to be preachers. The child knelt and waited until the prayer ended, then all partook of the bread and water, following two brief prayers. Then the child was lifted on to the knee of the older man, who placed his hand on her head and blessed her. The words are forgotten but the child always remembered the spirit of the solemn occasion, and also the benign countenance, the silvery hair, piercing eyes, and kindly voice of the man, whom she afterwards learned to know as Daniel H. Wells.

(2) The Birth of a Soul.

Within an upper room on a back street in a large city were assembled a small congregation of people to worship the Lord. With no organ or leader their singing sounded harsh and rough to the girl of fourteen who had strayed into their meeting. After the opening prayer the ordinance of bread and water was partaken of by most of those present,

awaking in the girl's mind, memories of that day long ago. A young man began to preach, and a wonderful thing happened. The upper room with its congregation vanished, and the girl stood alone on the edge of a vast plain which was filled with a huge concourse of people. On a slight eminence in the center of the plain stood a wonderful image with shining head of gold, breast and arms of silver, body and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet of iron and clay mingled. Then came a stone rolling down the mountain side, gaining force and momentum as it rolled, which smote the image, hurling it to the earth and ground it to powder, continued rolling until it seemed to fill all the plain, blotting out earth and sky. Then the voice of the inspired preacher, which seemed even as the voice of God himself, spoke and the vision of the image and the stone was explained, and to the soul of the girl was born a testimony of the truth, which soon became a pearl of great price.

(3) The Sacrifice.

Time passed, and the maiden sought and found entrance into the true fold of Christ, through the doors of Faith, Repentance and Baptism. The gift of the Holy Ghost was followed by increased love of the truth, and a period of active service in the Church. Then a period of four years spent away from any branch of the Church, a time of trial, testing, when all the faith and courage of the girl were called into action. And then, one day a young woman of twenty years bade farewell to father and mother, brothers, sisters, home and loved ones, and embarked on a long voyage towards the west, where she hoped to find the body of her people, the Zion of God. Precious promises had been given which sustained her heart, lending courage and hope while passing through the many trying incidents of a most unfortunate voyage during which storms at sea, fire, broken machinery, and death, occurred, but the arm of the Lord was made bare in behalf of his people, and in due time they safely reached their desired haven. Here our heroine was made welcome in the home of God's people, and again His promises were fulfilled. In due time all her loved ones were welcomed to Zion, and her joy in God's service was indeed made full.

(4) The Temptation.

A concert hall, a solo just completed, two professional appearing men approached the singer, with offers of coaching, training for her voice which, according to their flattering

reports, contained wonderful possibilities. "I will train you at my studio," said one, as he rolled a cigarette, and my brother will give you lessons in elocution. You will have a wonderful future with your remarkable voice, and our coaching. In return for our services," the girl listened eagerly, "you will come alone to our studio three times a week for lessons, and you must promise to sing for our U-church every Sunday." A tempting offer, the girl found hard to resist, for she had been praying for opportunities which had been denied her in early youth, and here seemed an answer to her prayer.

"I will consider your offer," she replied, "and will let you know in a few days, if I can accept it." The days which followed were indeed trying ones, as the flattering words of the professor rang through her mind, almost blotting out the voices of her little Sunday school children and her position as soloist of the ward choir suddenly seemed of little importance. But the good angel of the girl sang in triumph as she finally prayed to her Father: Choose thou my way. Oh, Father, thy will not mine be done. Her prayer ended, our heroine called at the studio of the professor, and was received with coldness and antipathy when his offer was rejected.

The Reward.

Reward came a few weeks later when a call to the Temple service was received and in her labors in that sacred house our heroine found joy and happiness.

In service toward humanity, she has found peace. As a worker in the Church of Christ she has found her place, the poor and afflicted know the value of her voice, in humble places she is known and loved. She is rich, not in this world's goods, but in the love of her husband and children, who, in after years, may rise up and call her blessed.

Notes From the Field

Tintic Stake.

On September 1, 1919, two hundred thirty-five men and women made an excursion to the Manti temple, under the auspices of the Tintic Stake Relief Society, making the trip in automobiles. Service was given as follows: Charity, 266

TINTIC STAKE R. S. TEMPLE EXCURSIONISTS ON TEMPLE GROUNDS AT MANTI.

names; individual work, 69 names. There was donated to the temple by the Relief Society women of the Tintic stake $135. They expect to have such an excursion annually. Aside from the sacred duties connected with this visit to the temple, the trip was very interesting and enjoyable. The party returned home on September 4.

Northern States Mission.

Mrs. Emily Whitney Smith, wife of President Winslow Farr Smith, of the Northern States mission, has been appointed to preside over the Relief Societies of this mission. With her intelligence and zeal she is sure to make a success of this new calling. Mrs. Smith succeeds Mrs. Mary Smith Ells-

worth, who for many years stood at the head of the Relief Society work in the Northern states. As the wife of President G. E. Ellsworth, Mrs. Ellsworth not only presided graciously at the Mission Home, but traveled with her husband throughout the mission where she organized Relief Societies and Mothers' Classes, and carried on the regular Relief Society activities most successfully.

Box Elder Stake.

In a letter from Mrs. Minnie H. Jensen, we learn that the Box Elder Stake Relief Society workers have made a special effort this year to cultivate a more diligent spirit among the ward teachers. In the past many of the teachers have felt that their duties were finished when they made their monthly visits, and have not attended meetings regularly nor taken part in other activities. Due to the interest aroused, the teachers are now attending regularly themselves, and have succeeded in persuading the women in their districts to do the same. As a result, the attendance for the Box Elder stake has increased almost 50 per cent.

Panguitch Stake.

From the Panguitch stake we have the following report for nine wards for the month of January. The data being collected on a neat, printed monthly report: Number of meetings held, 36; attendance at meetings, 149, 192, 175, 177. Class work, first subject, Salvation on the other side and testimony; second subject, work and business (quiltings); third subject, promise of peace in the Book of Mormon; fourth subject, social service and literature. Activities: Charity fund, $15.40. General fund, $85.70. Days spent with sick, 151. Number of special visits to sick, 113. Money donated for temple work, $39.15. Number of days spent in temple work, 38. Number of visits by stake board.....Per cent of visits by ward teachers, 100.

In Memoriam.

Emery stake. Mrs. Emmer J. Day, second counselor in the Emery Stake Relief Society, died from pneumonia following influenza, Feb. 2, 1920. Mrs. Day was born in Payson, in 1871, and while she was still a young girl moved with her parents to Huntington, Emery county, where she married Albert A. Day. The family later moved to Castle Dale. Mrs. Day was president of the Castle Dale Relief Society from 1909 to 1913; she was appointed Relief Society stake treasurer in

1914, in which capacity she served for two years and until she was called to the office of second counselor to Mrs. Louisa Oveson, which office she held at the time of her death. In addition to her Relief Society duties, Mrs. Day was an ardent worker in the Red Cross. She also served with ability as instructor in the Emery stake academy for many years. Mrs. Day was widely known throughout her stake and was beloved for her unfailing interest in everything that was for the general good. She is survived by four daughters and three sons. Her husband died in 1918.

Blaine Stake.

Rebecca Rawson Adamson, stake treasurer of the Blaine Stake Relief Society, passed away the last of January at the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Adamson was so young, so beautiful in form and character, and so exceptionally capable that her going is a great loss, not only to her family, but to the whole Relief Society. She was energetic in her labors and was deeply interested in Relief Society work where she displayed exceptional talent. She leaves one little child, a devoted husband, D. E. Adamson, stake clerk of Blaine stake, and a large family to mourn her seemingly untimely death. Mrs. Adamson was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Rawson of Carey, Idaho, where Mr. Rawson served as first counselor to President Heber Q. Hale of the Boise stake. Her mother was formerly president of the Relief Societies of the Boise stake, and her sister, Mrs. Laura J. Adamson, is serving in this capacity at the present time. President Wm. L. Adamson of the Blaine stake is her brother-in-law.

Panguitch Stake.

Mrs. Amanda Williams Clark passed to the great beyond on February 6, 1920. Mrs. Clark was an active and energtic Relief Society worker and a woman of great faith and deep spirituality. She was in her eighty-fifth year, having been born in 1835, at Lake Fork, Ill. Mrs. Clark 245 as follows: Grand-children, 85; great-grand children, 155; great-great-grand children, 5. For seventy-five years she was associated with the L. D. S. Church. Just a few weeks before her death, in a Relief Society testimony meeting, she bore a strong testimony, relating that she had seen the three Nephites, and had been ministered to by them. Mrs. Clark urged the sisters at this time to cultivate the spirit of hope and testimony, that they might be guided by the still, small voice. At the time of her death, Mrs. Clark was taking entire

care of herself and doing her own house work. She will be greatly missed by her family and friends who have been inspired by her noble character and devotion to the Church.

Liberty Stake.

We are pleased to publish the following report of the Home-bound Committee of the Liberty stake. It is a special duty of this committee to minister to those members of the stake who are home-bound and thus unable to attend meetings or services of any sort. Receipts: cash from wards, $10; cash from private parties, $26.35; glasses of jelly from wards, 140; glasses of jelly from private parties, 6; quarts of jelly from private parties, 3; candy donated, 10 pounds, for friends in the County Infirmary; paper bags, $1.50; donation from stake, $5.80; donation from home-bound workers, $5.80.

Disbursements: glasses of jam and jellies, 137; cash for flowers, $13; cash for other purposes, $18.05.

Hours spent visiting home-bound members, 912; committee meetings held, 11; number of deaths of home-bound members during the year, 16; blessings given, 28; distributed to inmates of County Infirmary, 128 bags, containing glass of jelly, oranges, apples, candy and cookies.

Mrs. Annie M. Sheets is chairman of this committee.

THE OFFICIAL ROUND TABLE

MRS. CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN

The National American Woman Suffrage Association held a Victory convention in Chicago, February 12-18, 1920. The convention included the Susan B. Anthony Centenary Celebration, and the Anna Howard Shaw Memorial, together with the First National Congress of the League of Women Voters. There were two thousand delegates in attendance. Among them, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the president; Jane Addams, Florence Kelly, Mary Garrett Hay, Lucy Anthony (a niece of Susan B. Anthony), Harriet Taylor Upton, Alice Stone Blackwell, Catherine Waugh McCollouch, Mrs. Frances Burns, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead and Dr. Hebard.

Utah was represented by Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Mrs. Donnett S. Kesler, Mrs. Emily Whitney Smith, Miss Marjory Thomas, and others—making fourteen delegates in all.

The departments of the convention were as follows: Campaigns, Surveys and Organization; Congressional; Finance; Literature; Press and Publicity; Local Arrangements. The sections of the convention were: American Citizenship; Protection of Women in Industry; Child Welfare; Uniformity of Laws; Social Hygiene; Food Supply and Demand; Research. Under the auspices of these various sections interesting meetings were held.

At the Susan B. Anthony Centenary Celebration, the heading of the program was: "What Happened in Ten Decades, Briefly Told:" 1820-1830—(The Age of Mobs and Eggs). 1830-1840—(The First School Suffrage). 1840-1850—(The Dawn of Property Rights). 1850-1860—(The First High School for Girls). 1860-1870—(The World's First Full Suffrage). 1870-1880—(The Negro's Hour). 1880-1890—(The First Municipal Suffrage). 1890-1900—(Suffrage Spreads).

1900-1910—(Ridicule Gives Way to Argument). 1910-1912—(The Portent of Victory).

Two interesting features of the convention were the Pageant and the Pioneer Banquet. At the Pageant, costumes from 1838 were worn by lovely girls, and motion pictures were thrown upon the screen, showing by figures and maps the historical status of suffrage. In introducing the pictures it was stated that Utah had suffrage in 1870, and that Utah women voted before the women of Wyoming had an election opportunity. At this Pageant, Utah was represented by Miss Marjory Thomas, who was charming in the living valentines of states. The Pioneer luncheon was a gorgeous event, introducing some of the oldest suffrage workers in the Eastern states, notably Mrs. Marriette Taylor Treadwell, 84 years old; Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, nearly as old, and Rev. Olympia Brown, 92 years old. All three of these spoke in the most charming modern way of conditions as they are, and conditions as they will be for women voters, in medicine, education and the ministry.

At both the Pageant and the Pioneer Banquet, Mrs. Gates wore a home-made, Utah, silk dress which attracted much attention. An amusing feature of the great Victory banquet was the entrance of two girls, one with a huge donkey's head nodding about, the other with a great elephant's head and trunk wobbling around, placed on each side of Mrs. Catt as if to solicit her friendly aid and support.

Throughout the convention the Utah delegates were proud of Utah's position, presented and recorded in this greatest of all suffrage conventions.

After the close of the convention, Mrs. Gates and Mrs Kesler went on to New York, Washington, and Boston, where they will visit the various branches of the Relief Society and Genealogical Libraries.

National Council of Women.

The biennial session of the National Council of Women of the United States was held in St. Louis in November. The Relief Society was represented by Counselor Julina L. Smith, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, and Miss Sarah M. McLelland. The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association was represented by Counselor Ruth May Fox, and Miss Mary Connelly. Twenty-five of the twenty-seven national organizations were represented; and in addition, three state organizations. The sessions of the council were presided over by the president, Mrs. Philip N. Moore. Reports of the chairman of standing committees were given on the following subjects: Child Welfare; Community Music; Education; Federal Co-

operation; International Relations; Immigration; Permanent Peace; Public Health; Better Films.

Very interesting reports were given by the delegates from each organization. Mrs. Lyman and Miss Connelly gave the reports of the work for the Relief Society and the Y. L. M. I. A.

In the election of officers, Utah was honored by the election of Mrs. Ruth May Fox as auditor of the National Council. Mrs. Phillip N. Moore was re-elected as president.

Resolutions were adopted favoring a Child Welfare commission in every city; a national department of education; the appointment of women on all boards of education, both state and local; the promotion of thrift; a minimum wage board; joint and equal guardianship of parents over minor children; laws legitimatizing children born out of wedlock, with the right to the father's name, and to inherit from both parents; an action to allow women married to aliens to retain their own citizenship if they so desire; and to require foreign women married to American men to elect whether they will be naturalized or retain their citizenship; the establishment of a new department of social welfare, with a secretary who shall have a seat in the President's cabinet, which secretary shall be a woman. It was resolved that the council recommend the fostering of all industries with preference to those of American origin. It was resolved also that all organizations urge Congress to restore the national employment bureau to its previous power and working capacity.

On the return trip Mrs. Lyman stopped off at Denver where she had been invited to read a paper on social work before the Colorado State Conference of Social Work.

While away the Utah delegation visited the Western States Mission at Denver, and L. D. S. meetings at the new chapel in St. Louis.

Relief Society Headquarters.

The General Board is very pleased to announce that the General Authorities of the Church have turned over the entire second floor of the Bishop's Building to the Relief for its exclusive use. This means the addition of the south side of the floor consisting of four large, beautiful rooms formerly occupied by the Y. M. M. I. A. executive, and "Era" offices.

This news will be especially gratifying to the older members of the organization, who have always hoped that some day there would be a woman's building in the Church, dedicated entirely to the use of the women's auxiliaries.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates, editor of the "Relief Society

Magazine," will occupy the offices (No. 20), formerly occupied by Edward H. Anderson, editor of the "Era." Rooms 21 and 22, formerly used by the Y. M. M. I. A. staff, will be used for the office of Counselor Julina L. Smith and for the Burial Clothes Department of the Society. With partitions removed, the rooms are beautiful and spacious. The Burial Clothes Department has been moved from 67 East South Temple St., Room 23 will be the office of General Treasurer Emma A. Empey; Room 24, the office of First Counselor Clarissa S. Williams. Mrs. Wells will retain her present office, Room 25, in the southwest corner of the building. Room 26 will be added to 27 and 28, forming the general offices of the Society, and headquarters of General Secretary Amy Brown Lyman. Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, business manager of the "Magazine," and staff, will occupy, as formerly, Rooms 29 and 30.

President Emmeline B. Wells' Birthday.

On Saturday, February 28, a celebration was held in honor of the ninety-second birthday of President Emmeline B. Wells. The affair was in the nature of a reception on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Utah, where Mrs. Wells, dressed in a dainty satin gown, received more than six hundred guests, who came to offer congratulations, between the hours of 2 and 6 p. m.

Among the callers during the afternoon were President Heber J. Grant, President Anthon H. Lund, and President Charles W. Penrose, Governor and Mrs. Bamberger, and Secretary of State Harden Bennion and wife.

Musical numbers were given by Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, assisted by the Relief Society choir, and by a stringed orchestra, conducted by Miss Romania Hyde.

Mrs. Wells received telegrams and letters of greeting from friends all over the United States, and many beautiful floral offerings. Assisting her in receiving her guests were Counselors Clarissa S. Williams and Julina L. Smith, her two daughters, Mrs. Isabelle Sears, and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, and members of the General Board.

Paul Deschanel, new president of France, assumed office February 17.

Korea is still warring against Japanese occupation, and the fighting is likely to spread to China.

Earthquakes continued in Mexico in February, the loss of life at one place being estimated at 1,000.

A British fleet arrived at Constantinople on February 23, indicating the prospect of trouble in Turkey.

A temple site of 20 acres was purchased at Mesa, Arizona, in February, and building soon will begin.

The British parliament began its session on February 10, with one lady member, Lady Astor. Her first speech was against the liquor traffic.

New York City saw in February the worst weather of its experience in the past thirty years.

A lynching party at Lexington, Kentucky, on February 9, was checked by police and state troops, who killed five would-be lynchers in the fighting.

The death rate in the United States in 1918 was 18 per 1,000—the highest rate yet recorded in this country.

Floods in the Salt River valley, Arizona, on January 22,

swept out portions of dams and several bridges, doing considerable damage.

The fiftieth anniversary of granting the elective franchise to women in Utah was observed on February 12.

Japan is now accused of territorial designs on the Asiatic continent, instead of America, and with much prospect of accuracy.

Germany refused to surrender nearly 1,000 accused "war guilty" officials, in February, and was allowed to give them trial in Germany, before a mixed court.

Holland refused to allow the extradition of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, but agreed in February to intern him at Doorn castle, in Holland.

Miss Arzella W. Symons, a highly esteemed young lady from Salt Lake City, died in the mission field at Independence, Mo., on February 12.

Cardinal Logue, high Catholic church dignitary, joined others of his co-religionists on February 15, in declaring for Ireland's separation from England.

The Russian transport "Karantin" was sunk in the Black Sea in February, being fired on by revolutionary troops, and 1,400 men, women and children were drowned.

Admiral Robert E. Peary, who discovered the North Pole on April 6, 1919, died in February, aged 64 years. He had made seven Arctic trips.

Elihu Root, of New York, America's most prominent statesman, has been chosen as one of the committee to arrange an international court under the league of nations.

"The next great war" is now the subject of frequent mention by European statesmen, there being little reference to the recent conflict as "the last world war."

Palestine for the Jews is to be obtained only by toilsome and careful building up by the Jews themselves, is the announcement made in February, by Max Nordau, the eminent Zionist leader.

Farmers throughout the United States have wisely declined to join with the labor unions in a political compact to place the United States under class control.

Canada is now being urged, by those who endorse the Irish republic movement, to separate from Great Britain, on the basis of "self-determination" advocated by President Wilson.

Coolie laborers for the United States are being urged in many parts of the union. The outcome, however, is likely to bring in the Mexican Indian in preference to the Mongolian.

The soviet government in Russia became virtually master of the situation in nearly all of former Russia in February, and the surrounding nations found it necessary to enter into peace negotiations therewith.

Mrs. Nellie B. Slingerland, president of the Daughters of Michigan, announced on February 15, that the women should establish a matriarchal form of government in the United States, as "the men have lost all sense of civilization." If it were only the men!

Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, of Utah, who attended a political meeting at Denver in February, says Colorado is very considerate of women in public and official life. The suggestion should not be lost in Utah.

Presidential aspirations for the 1920 United States election seemed in February to have narrowed down to Governor Lowden and General Wood as the leading republican candidates, and to Attorney General Palmer, ex-Secretary McAdoo and ex-Secretary Bryan as the front line of democratic candidates.

The socialist investigation in New York in February brought out, from the attorney for those of that political faith, the statement that they believed in "a little shooting" to get their way in politics. This is a thought different from either of the two great political parties.

Congress passed a railway bill in February, opposed by the labor unions, preparatory to the railways going back to private control on March 1. It also considered bills for pro-

cedure in case of the president of the United States being incapacitated by illness or other cause to attend publicly to the duties of the office.

Hungary, a new nation carved out of Austria, is said to be arranging a coalition with another such new nation, Jugo-Slavia, to make war on Italy the coming summer, and expects former southern Germany to come in and form a new Mittel Europa scheme.

Mexican officials in February, announced that they expected all revolutionary movements in Mexico to be ended in 1921, upon the election and inauguration of a new president there. We shall see, when it is determined whether the new official is of Spanish or of Indian blood.

Lack of children in a family was decreed by a court at Milan, Italy, to be a ground for divorcing the wife. The socialists then proposed in the Italian parliament a law making all marriages where there were no children, void, and the womanhood of civilized countries are joining in a well-justified protest.

Influenza recurrence was forecast for this winter, in the October, 1919, number of the "Magazine," by Dr. A. C. Callister, and his indication proved correct. Fortunately the fatalities were not proportionately so great as in 1918. Dr. Callister makes the positive statesment that in influenza cases "whisky is no benefit whatever; it is rather an injury."

Bishop George Romney, who probably was the last living witness of the historic scene in the Church when the mantle of the Prophet Joseph rested on President Brigham Young, in the presence of a large congregation of the Saints at Nauvoo, Illinois, just after the Prophet's martyrdom in 1844, died in Salt Lake City on February 1. His testimony to the event was clear and forceful to the end.

President Wilson demanded and obtained the resignation of Secretary of State Robert Lansing, in February, alleging that Mr. Lansing had held conferences of the president's cabinet during the latter's illness. This action caused a sensation both in the United States and Europe, where the reason given was not accepted as the real one.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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The Vision as the Answer to the Eternal Question

Which of all the sects are right? Which of all the paths, trodden by the feet of men, lead to eternal glory? These are the eternal questions asked, at some period of life, by every soul. When the youthful prophet went into the grove, on that lovely spring day of 1820, his mind was fixed only upon learning which was right of all the paths trodden along the heights to heaven.

This question concerns every woman, sometime in her life, and it shakes the soul of youth and maiden with fear and doubt, before they secure the answer. How may they know, in what way they may receive an answer?

Not all may receive such a manifestation as was given the Prophet Joseph Smith, for his question was the question of the whole race, and his answer was the answer to the whole earth; yet each one of us long to have the question answered as perfectly and as satisfyingly as was his own.

Just what answer have you received? You? and You? and You? Have you ever thought about it, or have you simply taken for granted the truth of that answer? Are you able to answer your son or your daughter, or the stranger within your gates?

"A tree is known by its fruit," so says the Master, and

the fruits of the answer which was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith are glorious beyond description. You have the evidence before you every hour, but even that will not quite satisfy you nor me.

How, then, did your answer come and how did mine? Which is the way, how shall I reach it, if I have found that way? Spirit answers spirit. If you ask of the man who has six truths mixed up with six errors, he will answer you according to his light. If you ask the man who has one truth with nine errors, he will answer you according to his light. If you ask of the spiritualists who are abroad in the earth seeking light through any channel, except through the power of the living God, in the name of Jesus Christ, you may be answered as the spirits are answering foolish seekers today; but if you ask of God "Who giveth liberally and upbraideth not" you will get the answer which the Prophet Joseph received, and you will know as I know, that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith had that marvelous Vision in the grove, wherein he saw with quickened eyes the Father, who pointed to his Son and said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

SHADOWS.

Mrs. Parley Nelson.

There's sadness in the robin's song,
And in the murmur of the bee;
The world seems strange and dark to me.
I gaze upon the woodland vales,
No more they seem so wondrous fair;
I look up to the mountain heights,
But storm clouds cast a shadow there.

I try to see my duty clear,
To smile, though sorrow pierce my heart;
I try to conquer doubt and fear,
To hide my grief, and do my part.
I try to walk the narrow way,
To keep my face turned toward the light,
And in my soul, I feel and know
There's one who doeth all things right.

Rexburg, Idaho.

Guide Lessons

LESSON I.

Genealogy and Testimony

First Week in May.

MORE LIGHT ON BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD.

TEXT: "The Compendium."

AIM: The prominent feature in the plan of redemption is the vicarious nature of the labors of Christ and his ministers for the salvation of men.

The Lord knows the transient nature of the memory of many. He understands how forgetful we would become if we were not continually reminded of him and his love, his laws, and his kingdom, so he has given us scriptures which are the sacred writings prepared by prophets and priests, who have written about his hand-dealings with his children upon the earth.

The standard books of the Church are our scriptures that contain a vast store of information of every conceivable principle of truth, morality, and virtue. It would be a superhuman task to memorize all these scriptures and to quote them at a moment's notice. Some gifted speakers can quote freely and liberally, favorite passages illustrating favorite doctrines of the Church; but wise men have prepared for the assistance of the great majority of Saints' references to the passages in scripture which deal with the various subjects and principles of the gospel. The "Compendium" was the first one so prepared, and in that volume we find an excellent, brief article concerning baptism for the dead, with numerous references from the sermons of our modern prophets. Another article treats upon the spirits in prison, and contains elaborate and precious quotations from the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrines and Covenants.

The vicarious mission of the savior is treated simply and clearly, and we are told that this vicarious labor included not only the possible salvation for the living ones who heard the glad tidings of great joy, but the prisoners in the pit and those who sit in darkness in the prison-house are all to be visited and given an opportunity to accept the gospel. Elijah's coming to the earth is referred to and the sweeping

nature of his work is outlined: "Ordinances for the salvation of the dead require temples, or sacred places especially constructed for their administration. The Former-day Saints usually remained in the same scattered condition in which they received the gospel. For these reasons, it is probable that the doctrines pertaining to the salvation of the dead were imperfectly taught. This may account for so little being said in the New Testament on this subject."

In the article on "Spirits in Prison," very comprehensive ideas are given concerning the prisoners who are gathered in the pit. The writings of the Nephites, the Hebrews, and the revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith, prove that the spirits in prison were known to the ancient Saints, as well as to the modern prophet.

Nephi tells us, "Wherefore, death and hell must deliver up their dead, and hell must deliver up its captive spirits, and the grave must deliver up its captive bodies, and the bodies and the spirits of men will be restored one to the other."

These spirits, which are delivered from hell, are not the spirits of the righteous, for, in the thirteenth verse of the same chapter, the prophet says, "For on the other hand, the paradise of God must deliver up the spirits of the righteous."

The Doctrine and Covenants clearly indicates where the spirits of those who receive not the message of the Savior are confined. "In another revelation we are informed, that a number of those who inherit a terrestrial glory, will be 'The spirits of men kept in prison, whom the Son visited, and preached the gospel unto them, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, who received not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh, but afterwards received it.'"

Note: Class leaders may arrange questions for this lesson.

LESSON II.

Work and Business

(Required.)

Second Week in May.

Literature

(Optional.)

TENNYSON'S QUEEN OF MAY.

From Chaucer, the father of English poetry, to William Watson, now living, English poets have honored and glorfied the month of May. For this there is much reason, for

England, always beautiful, is surpassingly lovely in the month of May.

All over the country is a mass of pink and white blossoms, for the hawthorne hedges, that surround every farm and border every country lane, are in full bloom.

The May-day revels of days gone by were a national institution in England, and the memory of them is still a national institution. One Englishman, eager to perpetuate so good a custom, had endowed a certain English city in order that May revels may be presented there each year.

Some notion of how May-day was celebrated in England, in former times, may be had from the following description:

"At the dawn of the May morning, the lads and lassies left their towns and villages, and, repairing to the woodlands, to the sounds of music, they gathered the hawthorne blossoms, or branches, of the trees, and, binding them with wreathes of flowers returned to their homes, and at sunrise decorated the lattice and door with the sweet smelling spoil of their joyous journey."

Later they assembled on the village green where a pageant was conducted. In the course of the celebration the May-pole was drawn in by eight fine oxen, decorated with gayly colored scarfs and ribbons and flowers. When the May-pole came into sight the people began cheering, which cheering continued until the pole was raised. Then followed revels and dances and at the proper time the Queen entered and the May dance followed, forming a fitting climax of this truly wonderful pageant.

Hence, we discover that a national costum of centuries forms the settings of the Queen of the May. It should be read with great care and all such points noted.

When we get the setting we can appreciate the exultation of the Queen of the May when she says:

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year:
Of all the glad New Year:
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.

"There's many a black, black eye, they say,
But none so bright as mine,
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice, in all the land they say:
So, I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.

"I sleep so sound all night, mother,
That I shall never wake
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.

"Little Effie shall go with me tomorrow, to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen:
For the shepherd lads on every side will come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May."

Another feature in the "Queen of the May" that is attracting a great deal of attention at the present time is the thought that our loved ones, though departed, are still near to us. This thought has gripped the human family tremendously, since so many have passed in the late war, and the epidemic that has raged throughout the world. It is safe to say that no other idea appears to be of more general interest to the civilized people, just now, than the passing of the dead, and their ability to return and take an interest in the living, hence, these lines from Tennyson's "Queen of the May" have taken on new significance.

There is a good deal of objection at the present time to many things that are being advocated in literature in relation to the spirit world. These lines of Tennyson state a fact that is perfectly natural to those professing the faith of the Latter-day Saints, that our loved ones are often near us when we think them far away:

"You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorne shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me, when I am lowly laid,
I shall not forget you, mother,
I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

"If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place:
Though you'll not see me, mother,
I shall look upon your face;
Though I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

The music of the "Queen of the May" has always been very much appreciated and admired by readers and critics. Tennyson is a master at the art of making music in verse.

It is difficult to find in our literature a poem more musical than the "Queen of the May."

We quote one stanza that seems to us replete with music:

"The honeysuckle around the porch has woven its weary bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers.
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May."

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. Be sure to read the poem in its entirety and have some one in the class give the gist of it.

2. Into how many parts is the poem divided, and to what is each part devoted?

3. What is a village green? If you do not know, inquire of some person who has lived in England.

4. Point out a line in paragraph three that indicates that Tennyson understood the custom of gathering flowers and branches to put on the gates and doors.

5. Discuss Tennyson's reference to the world of spirits. Is it in accord with the Latter-day Saints point of view? Give an illustration with which you are acquainted of one who has departed this life coming back and visiting relatives or friends.

6. Select some passages in the poem that describes nature in a way that is attractive to you.

7. Select some words and some lines that you think are particularly musical.

8. What change is there in the feeling of the first and last division of the "Queen of the May"?

9. Describe any celebration of May day that you may have witnessed, and tell if it embodied any of the features discussed in this lesson, and what those features are.

10. From William Watson we quote the following tribute to May:

"What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,

And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aught is denied,
And half the world a bridegroom is,
And half the world a bride?"

11. Some member of the class may know of other English poets who have paid tribute to May; if they do, let the class have the benefit of their knowledge, if not, let the quotation from Watson suffice to show that Tennyson is not alone among English poets in his admiration for May.

LESSON III.

Book of Mormon—Bible Testimony

Third Week in May.
(Optional.)

SUBJECT: Isaiah's Prophecy and the Book of Mormon (continued.)
TEXT: Isaiah 29:15-24; Matt. 8:1-4; Matt. 9:27-30; 17:1-9; Mark 8:22-25; Moroni 10:14.

Continuing with an analysis of Isaiah's prophecy respecting a "Book" that was to come forth, and continuing with the outline commenced in the preceding lesson, we learn that he:

F.—Foreshadows an attack upon the Book by the enemies of righteousness.

(a)—Sees the nature of the plans of those who seek to destroy the divinity of the Book (v. 15.)

(b)—Sees to what extremity the enemies of the Book would go in order to destroy its usefulness (v. 10.)

(c)—Sees the language of the Book assailed.

(d)—Anticipates the Spaulding myth that should "turn aside the just for a thing of naught." (v. 21.)

At this point we might ask the question, does the prophet have those in mind, who would reject the Book because of the imperfections of its language? Does he see the insideous work of Hulbert and Howe and their kind in "turning of things upside down" in order to make the "work say of him who made it—He made me not?" Does he see these men exerting every energy, seeking "deep to hide their counsels from the Lord," so that they may fasten the Spaulding manuscript upon the Book as its inspiration? Surely such

a colossal conspiracy—so far reaching in its pernicious effects —was of sufficient importance to entitle it to prophetic utterance in the form of a warning as voiced by Isaiah! There is no gain-saying the fact that a more stupendous fraud, a more ingenious snare layed for "him that reproveth in the gate," could not have been conceived and set on foot than this negative suggestion; namely, that the Book of Mormon is nothing more nor less than the Spaulding idea elaborated upon. It was a master-stroke of the enemy of truth. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands have been prejudiced against the Book by this negation, to such an extent they would not even curiously examine it. The tragedy of the whole affair is, these people can never become the beneficiaries of its promise; namely, "That if ye would ask God the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart; with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you by the power of the Holy Ghost." (Moroni 10:4.)

This negative suggestion is not a new thing. It has been one of Satan's most potent weapons to combat truth since the beginning of time. The power of its baneful influence upon the human mind was thoroughly understood by Jesus, who, in many instances during his ministry, cautioned those who had received extraordinary blessings at his hands, to go their way and tell no man. (See Matt. 8:1-4; 17:1-9; 9:27-30; Mark 8:22-26.)

Twenty years ago, when the writer was in the office at mission headquarters in Chattanooga, Tenn., President Ben E. Rich gave him a residence address, a Book of Mormon, and requested him to board a certain street car and present himself at the house of the given address. Upon receiving this strange mission, the elder felt something akin to what Phillip of old must have experienced when an angel suddenly appeared to him at Samaria and said: "Arise, and go toward the south, into the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza; the same is desert." Without further instruction, the elder presented himself at the designated place and without salutation or ceremony, was ushered into a room where sat three Jewish rabbis. After a conversation lasting about two hours, in which the Book of Mormon was freely discussed. the truth dawned upon the elder that these three learned Jews desired to possess an authentic copy of the Book for purposes of study, and to compare it with the Hebrew scriptures, but that they also wanted to come into possession of it secretly. This view of the matter was strengthened upon

the leave taking of the elder, for he was importuned to say nothing of the circumstance.

The Samuel Spaulding story has done its work well all these years, in spite of the fact that the Book of Mormon was published years before the Spaulding myth was discovered and the conspiracy published. Under the direction of one Philaster Hulbert, who had twice been a member of the Church and who had twice been cut off from its membership for bad conduct, a few sympathizers associated themselves together in Ohio, in the year 1833, and with the Book of Mormon before them and the spirit of vengeance and hatred in their hearts, got up some affidavits as to a story which it was surmised had been written before by Samuel Spaulding, a broken down clergyman of that place. About this time, these conspirators located an able confederate in the person of one E. D. Howe, of Painsville, Ohio, who, at this particular time, was much wrought up and disturbed in his feelings because his wife and sister had become members of the much hated Church at Kirtland. Between Hulbert and Howe, and assisted by their little coterie of malcontents, they published their malicious story between the years 1834 and 1841, years after the publication of the Book of Mormon and with that Book before them from which to make their garbled statements.

One can readily understand how it would be possible for Joseph Smith and Martin Harris, by conniving, to cause the literal fulfilment of that part of the prophecy which pertains to the "words" of the Book being delivered to one who was learned, and then the "Book" itself delivered to the unlearned, provided they were aware of the existence of the prophecy, which is by no means probable; but no one will admit for a moment that they, by any manner of scheming, could bring about the literal fulfilment of the balance of the prophecy as considered in the foregoing.

With reference to Martin Harris' visit to Prof. Anthon, there is an interesting bit of evidence in favor of the Book that must not be overlooked. It will be remembered that Harris carried with him Joseph Smith's translation of a few original characters of the plates. Upon the verdict of the learned doctor would depend largely whether or not Harris would assist in financing the publication of the Book, a proceeding which would require him to mortgage his farm. I, for one, do not feel to censure him in this matter, for it would only be human nature to reinforce a growing faith by such corroborative evidence. The destroying of the Anthon certificate dispelled every doubt in the mind of the young farmer as to the Book's divine authenticity, for he went forth-

with and procured the necessary means to assist in putting the work before the public.

Students will get clearer concepts of the truths in this lesson if they will direct their activities along the lines pointed out by the following:

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. Name the one thing that is common to the New Testament references in the text.
2. Give an illustration from your experiences showing the insidious effects of negative suggestions.
3. There is much truth in the proposition—"The first reward of truth is persecution." What are your conclusions when it is applied to the coming forth of the Book of Mormon?
4. Can you call to mind any other great event, other than the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, which so accurately fits the conditions set out by Isaiah's prophecy?
5. What were the selfish reasons that urged Hulbert and Howe and their confederates to launch their conspiracy against the Book of Mormons?
6. Read the history of the Spaulding story in "The Myth of the Manuscript Found." If you do not happen to have it, it can be procured for a few cents from the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City.

LESSON IV.

(Required)

Social Service

Fourth Week in May

HEALTH

(Feeding School Children.)

1.—Appetite As An Indicator of Body Needs.

Doubtless the normal function of the appetite is to indicate what the body needs by way of food, both as to quantity and kind. If a child were fed wisely from the beginning the appetite would, no doubt, be trained to function normally, but unfortunately many children are allowed to form unwarranted dislikes for really wholesome foods. It is not unusual to hear a mother say, "I don't believe in making my children eat foods they don't like." Anyone could sympathize with this view point, provided, that the average child's likes

or dislikes were any indication of what his body requires. It should not be a question of "making" children eat foods which are good for them, most children are reasonable human beings and can be led to try wholesome foods for which they have formed a dislike, particularly if such foods are well cooked and served attractively.

That one's tastes and preferences are of practically no importance in making selection of food was shown by a series of experiments reported by Dr. Phillip Hawk. On certain days a group of men acting as subjects of experimentation were allowed to eat wholesome food of their own selection; on other days they were fed equally wholesome and nutritious foods but chosen particularly with reference to the dislikes of the subjects. Analysis of the excreta showed that the foods disliked by the subjects were as completely utilized as were the foods they themselves selected.

An evidence that appetite is not always a safe indicator of the body's needs is found in the fact that under-nourished children, invariably have poor appetites. Social workers among the very poor of our large cities find that they must create a desire for food in sufferers from malnutrition before they can accomplish much in the way of cure. It is not necessary to go to the very poor of large cities to find cases of this kind. It is not uncommon in our own communities to hear mothers assert that their puny, undersized children do not need an increased diet because they have no appetite for more food. It is regretable that in many such instances mothers cannot be brought to recognize the true condition and make an effort to remedy it by means of wholesome foods well cooked and served attractively, and at regular intervals.

Effect of Eating Habits on Quantity and Kinds of Food Taken.

Irregularity in eating is the cause of more childhood ills than one would imagine. Eating too often brings a child to the table with impaired appetite, hence all foods except those especially liked, are rejected, if this is allowed. The result is a poorly balanced meal, probably an unbalanced ration for the day. In a short time malnutrition develops, and perhaps indigestion also.

One of the most pernicious habits among children is eating candy at any and all times, because it destroys the appetite, causes various digestive disturbances, and tends to create an acid condition in the system bringing in its train a long series of ills. Adding candy of good quality to the dinner dessert or substituting it for the regular dessert once

or twice a week should satisfy the children and would not be injurious.

Meals too far apart result in gorging, thus overworking the digestive system and often resulting in a lower percentage of food being utilized by the body than when smaller quantities are taken at shorter intervals.

Another extremely bad habit is that of rapid eating. Children hurrying off to school, eager to be at play, will unconsciously form this habit unless closely supervised. Clean linen, attractive dishes, pleasant conversation, in which the children are encouraged to join, insistence on an erect position at table, will all tend to overcome this habit. In rapid eating mastication is imperfect, thus increasing the difficulty of digestion, bringing about in time distressing digestive conditions. The rapid eater loses all pleasure which comes from appreciation of food flavors, and invariably eats much more than is necessary. All these habits tend to lower resistance to disease so that a child forming one or more of them is usually among the first to contract measles, scarlet fever, chicken pox, etc., when those diseases make their appearance in a community.

Kinds of Food Suitable for the School Child's Diet.

It must not be forgotten that a growing child needs every day foods containing all the various food constituents discussed in the previous lesson of this series. Of the protein foods, eggs and milk are the most desirable for children, since they form no undesirable products in the body during the process of digestion and metabolism and are not nearly so subject to putrifaction in the digestive tract as is meat. The almost endless variety of dishes that can be made from combinations of milk and eggs, together with cereals and vegetables, make it possible to have a pleasing variety in the diet without use of other protein foods. Nuts are difficult for children to digest, both because of the high fat content of most nuts and because it is difficult to teach children to masticate thoroughly; dried peas, beans and lentils are best served in soups to children up to eight years at least; cheese is not advised before the seventh or eighth year, and should be cooked before serving; meats should be broiled, boiled, or roasted, never fried, and should not be overcooked.

The school child's diet may include all the common carbohydrate foods, though sugars and syrups should, of course, be used in moderation, even by the older children. Nearly all cereal products are excellent for the school child, and there is a delightful variety available. Practically all obtainable fruit may be used, but for younger children, especially

under-ripe fruit, or fruit of comparatively hard structure, such as some varieties of apples, are best cooked. Bananas should have the rough surface scraped off after being peeled, but are safer cooked.

Nearly all of the common vegetables are given to children of school age, though no uncooked ones are advised before the seventh year. Cucumbers and green corn are best omitted until after the tenth year as they often cause digestive troubles.

Cream and butter are the best fats, especially for children under ten years of age, but most of the common fats and oils may be given in small quantities. Notwithstanding the claims of advertisers there are no butter substitutes comparable with good butter, either in flavor or in food value.

QUESTIONS.

1. Give reasons why a child's appetite may not be relied on to determine its food needs.
2. How would you go about overcoming a child's dislike for foods, good for him?
3. How would you improve or increase a child's appetite?
4. What ills follow eating too often?
5. How could you cure a child of the candy habit?
6. What are the evils of rapid eating? How could you overcome this habit?
7. What protein foods are most desirable for children? Why?
8. What vegetables would you omit from the diet of a child under ten years of age?
9. What is the best way of serving dried peas, beans and lentils, to the younger school children?

RESPONSE.

L. Lula Green Richards

Unto what shall I liken your fair floral gift
So it comes a bright promise my soul to uplift?
As a blessed reminder of peace void of strife,
A true message of faith unto newness of life.

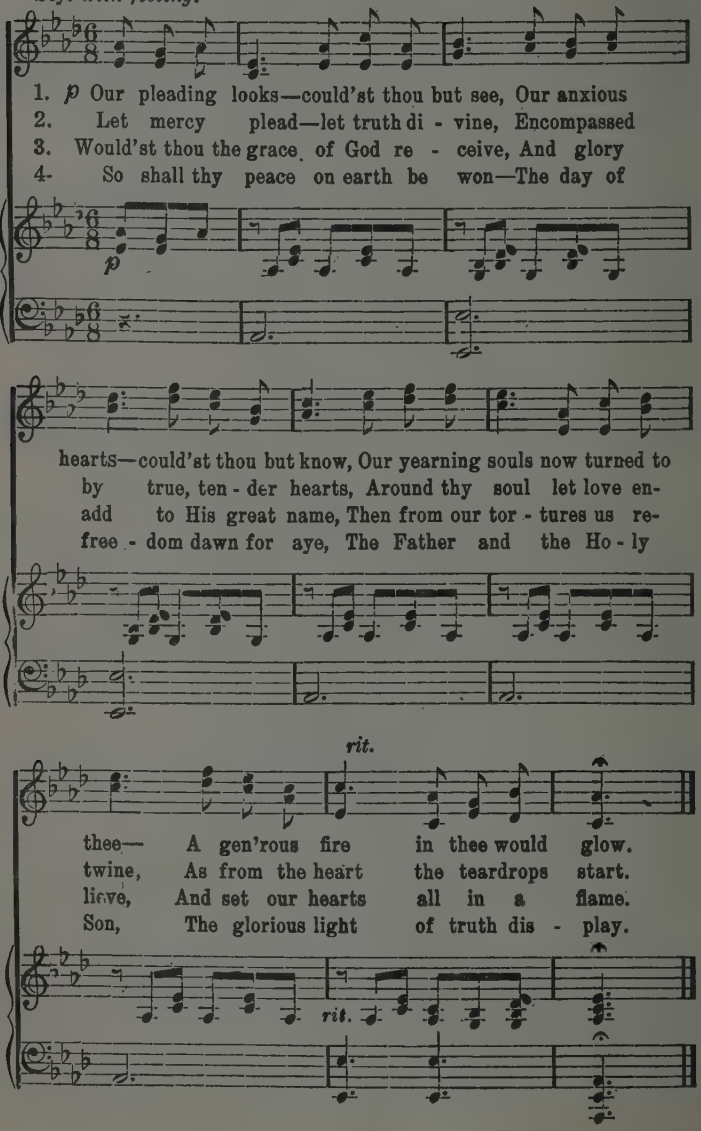
I can say with King David, great Psalmist of old,
'Tis than honey more sweet, more desired than gold,
For it is of the Lord and inspired from above,
A pure emblem of friendship perfected in love.

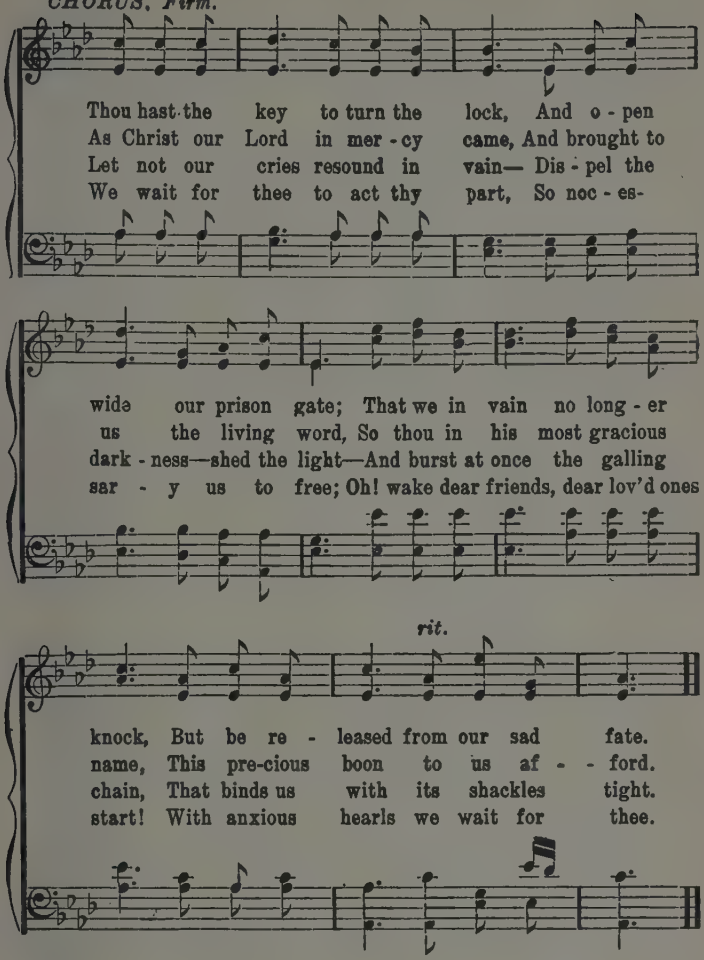
"Ye shall love one another!" the Savior hath taught,
Thanks, thanks for affection His teachings have wrought,
For our work in His service of love most divine,
For your love and its token, sweet sisters of mine!

Voices from the Dead.

R. S. H. R. S. Horne.

Soft with feeling.


1. p Our pleading looks—could'st thou but see, Our anxious
2. Let mercy plead—let truth di - vine, Encompassed
3. Would'st thou the grace of God re - ceive, And glory
4. So shall thy peace on earth be won—The day of
p
hearts—could'st thou but know, Our yearning souls now turned to
by true, ten - der hearts, Around thy soul let love en-
add to His great name, Then from our tor - tures us re-
free - dom dawn for aye, The Father and the Ho - ly
rit.
thee— A gen'rous fire in thee would glow.
twine, As from the heart the teardrops start.
love, And set our hearts all in a flame.
Son, The glorious light of truth dis - play.
rit.


CHORUS. Firm.
Thou hast the key to turn the lock, And o - pen
As Christ our Lord in mer - cy came, And brought to
Let not our cries resound in vain— Dis - pel the
We wait for thee to act thy part, So nec - es-
wide our prison gate; That we in vain no long - er
us the living word, So thou in his most gracious
dark - ness—shed the light—And burst at once the galling
sar - y us to free; Oh! wake dear friends, dear lov'd ones
rit.
knock, But be re - leased from our sad fate.
name, This pre-cious boon to us af - - ford.
chain, That binds us with its shackles tight.
start! With anxious hearts we wait for thee.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Jeanette A. Hyde.

During the war, which we are glad to speak of as in the past, many wonderful discoveries were made in household appliances and materials used in connection with home management.

Following are new uses to which glue may be applied in order to prolong the life of household articles:

To Put New Life in An Old Broom.

A teaspoonful of glue mixed in a basin of hot water poured over a broom and then allowed to thoroughly dry will greatly stiffen, and prolong its usefulness and life.

When Shoes Become Barked and Scarred.

Very often a small piece of the leather is lifted or loosened. Don't cut it off and try to cover the place with blacking. Flatten the piece in place with a little glue and allow to dry. Then apply blacking and the surface will be as good as new.

For Tears or Rents in Silk.

Another piece of silk or fabric of the same color placed under the tear, with a thin coating of glue, will bring the edges more firmly together than can be done with a needle. Allow to dry thoroughly and rent will be almost invisible.

A Splendid Way to Keep Rubbers from Slipping.

Rubber overshoes often become so loose that they slip off at the heels, especially in the winter and spring when the ground is muddy or slushy. This annoying trouble can be entirely eliminated by gluing a felt band around the inside top of the rubber.

To Protect Furs and Woolens from Moths.

It is commonly known that moths very much dislike the odor of ink in old newspapers. Several thicknesses of old newspapers firmly glued together may be made into the form of a bag, and the garment placed inside. After the ends and all joints are firmly sealed with glue, the bag is absolutely moth and dust proof, and your protection from moths has cost practically nothing.

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The UTAH STATE NATIONAL BANK

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$5 Down, $5 a Month

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Make sure of your **AUTOMATIC** today, at these terms.

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